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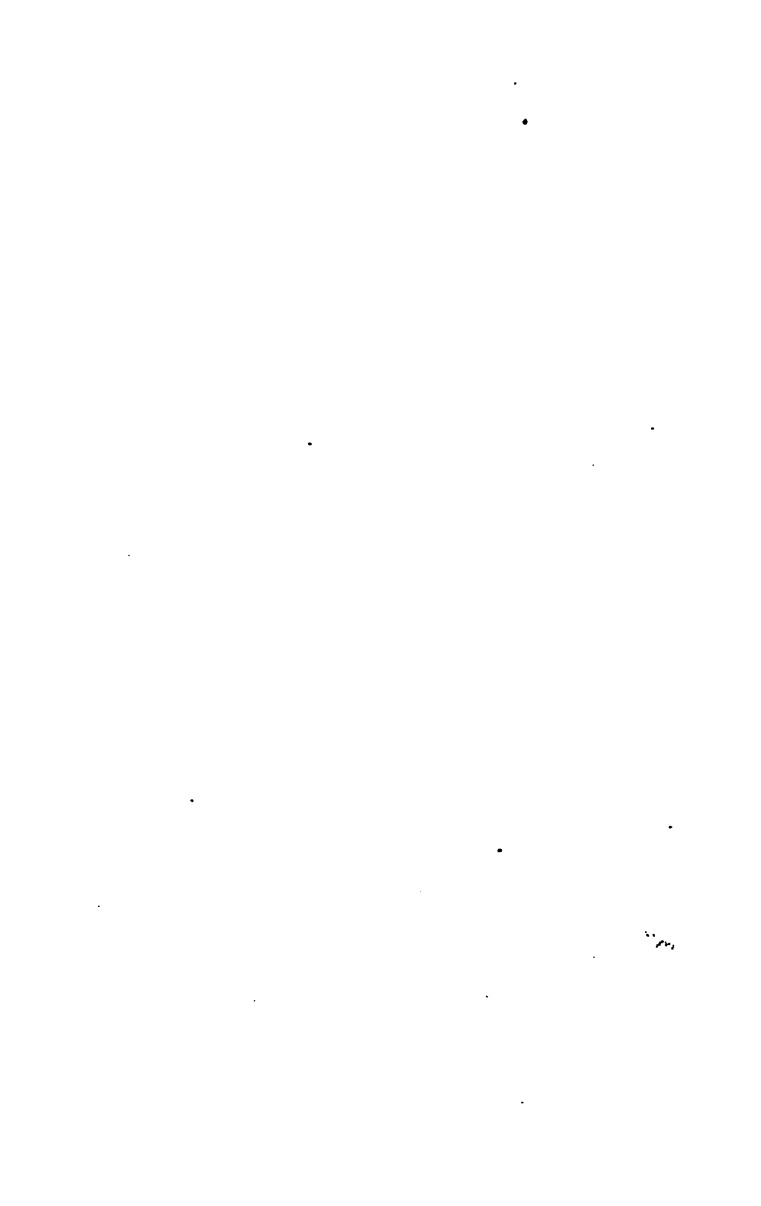


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PREFACE.

technical phraseology, has never been apparent to my mind; I have therefore constructed my little volume on a plan of *universal* adaptation, that its benefits may be available to the Cottager and Mechanic, as well as to the Soldier and the Sailor.*—I have been generally careful to select chaste poetry, and hope that I have succeeded in my wish to publish only such *religious sentiments* as will obtain the cordial approbation of the judicious, in every department of our British Zion. Controverted doctrines it has been my uniform aim to avoid; and as my book is not intended for the use of regular churches, (each class of which, whether of the national or dissenting order, has its own peculiar manual) I have altogether omitted the subject of baptism; but for the accommodation of such rural or other congregations as enjoy the occasional administration of the Lord's Supper, I have, under the head CHURCH, added a few hymns suited to the celebration of that sacred rite.

Delightful as I deem that part of worship which it is the design of this publication to assist, I am no friend to the practice of singing *long hymns*, and have therefore studied brevity in those which I have selected: it has consequently been necessary, in many instances, to abridge the compositions even of some of our best authors; but in doing this, it has been my constant endeavour to preserve an entireness of sense. And for the convenience of those congregations, whose instruction is the object of itinerant or occasional preachers, I have (with but one or

* Notwithstanding the sentiment I have thus expressed, I have studied the convenience of those who may attach some importance to the selection of hymns adapted to peculiar classes or circumstances, by appending to the Table of Contents, Indexes of such as may be considered exclusively appropriate for worship, in either Naval, Military, or Village congregations. I have, in a similar way, pointed out a few hymns which may be suitably sung during worship in the open air, as well as those which refer more or less to the religious privileges of our Country.

PREFACE.

two exceptions) admitted those *metres* alone, which are in common use; well knowing the difficulty not infrequently experienced, in such assemblies, of providing suitable tunes for many peculiar metres which are published.

The copious Scripture Index I have formed, will be deemed, I presume, no unwelcome appendage to this work; and its various *subjects*, though not presented in the usual alphabetical order, may be found, without difficulty, in a full and minutely arranged Table of Contents.

It will be observed, that I have not a knowledge of the names of all the Authors whose labours have contributed to my pages, and I may, in some cases, have erred in the authorities I have given; but I believe such instances are few: and I have occasionally taken the liberty, it will be seen, of making a verbal alteration in the productions of even the ablest pens. Any information with respect to the authorship of the hymns, or suggestion for improvement in other particulars, I shall be grateful to receive from any quarter, with a view to future correction; for I am quite alive to the conviction that notwithstanding all my endeavours to reach perfection, I have fallen very far short of it.*

Those who are conversant with the Collection published by my respected friend, the REV. T. WILLCOCKS, of this town,—a work destined, I think, to be more extensively known, and more highly appreciated in his peculiar denomination, than it now is,—will perceive that I have,

* Of the 500 Hymns forming this Collection, (according to my present information on the subject) Watts has furnished 113; Doddridge 46; the Wesley's 47; Steele 36; Beddome 20; Newton 19; Cowper 13; Gibbons 10; Kelly 11; Montgomery, Kirke White, Stennett, and Fawcett, 6 each; Toplady, Haweis, Edmeston, Browne, Voke, and Francis, 4 each; Scott, Needham, Heginbotham, and Swain, 5 each; with one or two from Addison, Heber, Cennick, Logan, Turner, Conder, Mrs. Rowe, and upwards of twenty other authors respectively; and 72 from anonymous sources.

PREFACE.

in some measure, followed his plan of arrangement, and have borrowed largely from the beautiful compositions which he has selected.

I would remark, in conclusion, that I conceive it is the duty of all who themselves possess, even in a moderate degree, the advantages of literary, or moral, or religious attainments, to unite in their endeavours to enlighten and *elevate* the minds of their less favoured fellow men, whether of the Naval, Military, or Civil walk of life. And it is with a view to contribute my feeble aid towards effecting this desirable object, and hastening that glorious era, in which, to use the language of Scripture prophecy, "*wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of our times,*" that I send this volume of Hymns into the world. I must, however, in justice to myself, aver, that I am perfectly uninfluenced by any motive of hostility to similar publications which are already extant; and though I do conceive that some of my predecessors have left me ample room to improve on their attempts, it belongs to an enlightened public, rather than to myself, to assign to my book its proper grade in the scale of comparative adaptation and excellence.

I now consecrate the NAVAL, MILITARY, AND VILLAGE HYMN BOOK to the service of my God and Saviour, humbly commending it to His blessing, and sincerely praying that it may conduce to His glory, by promoting the spiritual benefit of every class of society throughout the British empire.

R. WEYMOUTH.

Ker-Street, Devonport, May 1st, 1832.

CONTENTS.

PROMISES.

The First Promise—Promise to the Humble—Of Divine Strength—Of All-sufficient Grace—Of Peace in Christ—Of Life with Christ—Of Needful Supplies—God faithful to his Promises.. 233—240

PRAYER.

Its Nature and Importance—God heareth—Unutterable—Persevering—Wrestling—Access to God by Christ alone—Holy Boldness 241—248

FOR VARIOUS BLESSINGS. (*Alphabetically arranged.*)

The Divine Presence—Faith—Grace—Guidance—Humility—Love and Unity—Pardon—Patience—Repentance—Resignation—Simplicity—Support in Trouble—Zeal—For Spiritual, rather than Temporal Blessings 249—264

FOR THE CHURCH. Her Protection, Prosperity, Revival, and Safety when Dangers threaten 265—270

FOR THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST. The Spread of the Gospel—Extension of the Redeemer's Conquests—His universal Reign—and for the Jews .. 271—277

FOR MISSIONARIES AND MINISTERS 278—281

FOR BRITAIN AND HER KING 282—284

PRAISE TO GOD.

General—Universal—Everlasting—Imperfection of Human Praise 285—291

FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS. Divine Goodness—Adopting Grace—A Good Hope—The Blessings of Salvation 292—297

FOR TEMPORAL MERCIES. Providential Benefits—Daily Mercies—Unceasing Praise for them—For Recovery from Sickness—Deliverance from Trouble—National Peace 298—304

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

General—From Seamen—Worthy the Lamb 305—311

TO THE TRINITY 312, 313

THE CHRISTIAN.

HIS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES. His Character—Happiness—Protection and Safety—Dignity and Privilege 314—325

CONTENTS.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE. (*Alphabetically stated.*)

Adherence to Christ—Confession—Confidence—
Contentment—Conflict—Courage—Dedication
—Faith; its Walk, Triumph, &c.—Hardness of
Heart lamented—Hatred of Sin—Holiness de-
sired—Hope; encouraged; and Trust; Assurance
of—Humility; encouraged; honoured—Joy—
Heavenly Joy; Longing for it—Hidden Life—
Love to God; to Christ; Religion vain without
it; to the Brethren; to the Word of God; to
Holiness—Meekness—Obedience—Patience—
Penitence—Pilgrimage—Race—Rejoicing in the
Lord's presence—Repentance—Resignation—
Resolution—Submission—Surrender—Tempe-
rance—Trust—Walking with God—Warfare—
Watchfulness—Zeal 326—396

HIS DESIRES AND PROSPECTS AT THE APPROACH OF
DEATH. Breathing after Heaven—Longing for
Home; to be present with Christ—Absent from
Flesh—Welcoming Death—Triumphing in Hope
of Glory; and of a Happy Resurrection .. 397—405

HEAVEN.

Invisible and Holy—Its Joys—New Heavens and
Earth—Happiness of the Redeemed 406—412

THE CHURCH.

UNIVERSAL. Described—God's Dwelling-place—
Her Safety and Protection—Refreshed from the
River of God—Prayer heard for Zion—Her future
Peace and Joy—Dawn; and Coming of the
Latter-day Glory 413—422

PARTICULAR SOCIETIES. Opening a Place of Wor-
ship—Invitation to join a Church—Joy over
Converts—Excellency of Gospel Worship and
Order—Provisions of God's House—Christ's care
of Ministers and Churches 423—430

THE LORD'S SUPPER. Its Institution—Preparation
for it—Welcoming it—On approaching the Lord's
Table—Invoking the Spirit's Influence—Desiring

CONTENTS.

suitable Affections—Feeding on Christ by Faith	
—The Wonders of Redemption—After the Lord's	
Supper	431—442
COLLECTIONS. For the Poor of the Church—For	
the Spread of the Gospel	443—447

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Morning—Evening—Commencement and Close of	
the Year—Spring—Hay-time—Harvest—Winter	
—Thunder—Travellers' and Mariners' Psalms—	
Meeting—Parting—Public Fast	448—468

HUMAN LIFE.

Its Frailty & Shortness—Youth—Age—Afflictions;	
Benefit of them—Comfort in Sickness	469—484

DEATH, BURIAL, AND RESURRECTION.

Death, a Journey—Dying Christian encouraged—	
Death of the Righteous—Burial of Believers—	
of a Youth—of an Infant—Comfort under loss	
of Friends—of a Child—Resurrection of the	
Just	485—497

DISMISSION AND DOXOLOGIES	498—500
--	----------------

INDEXES

OF HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR CLASSES OF SOCIET

The following relate to the Sea and Seamen :—

Power and Wisdom of God
Power of God in the Sea
Christ stilling the Tempest
Christ an Anchor
—— an Ark
—— a Pilot	140,
—— the Star of Bethalem
Prayer for the Church
Seamen exhorted to Praise
The Christian's Protection	320,
Hope
Travellers' and Seamen's Hymns	462
Life compared to a Voyage
Affliction sanctified
Burial of a Believer
Also Hymns	3, 4, 37, 39, 52, 54, 310, 375		

Hymns containing allusions to Military Life :—

The Mercy of God
Ascension of Christ
Captain of Salvation
Conquests of Christ
Exhortations to Courage	217
Peace in Christ
Prayer for the Church
Prayer for the Redeemer's Conquests	273
Conflict

INDEX.

Courage	333
Warfare	394
Latter-day Glory	421

Referring to Husbandry and Rural Life :—

After Sermon	..	22,	24
Christ a Shepherd	147,	148
Christ a Vine	..		152
Reigning Grace		165
Power and Success of the Gospel		195
Prayer for the Church		265
—— for Missionaries		279
—— for Ministers	..		281
Happiness of the Christian	..		316
Assurance of Hope	..		347
The Seasons, &c.	454—	461

Hymns that relate to the Nation :—

Perfections of God celebrated	55
Excellency of the Scriptures	..	187
Book of Nature and Scripture	191
Prayer in prospect of National Judgments,	1st & 2nd pt	223
—— for the Reign of Christ	275
—— for Britain and her King	282—284
Praise for Peace	304
The Christian's Safety in times of National Trouble		322
Britons exhorted to Praise	...	459
For a Public Fast 1st & 2nd parts	468

The following Hymns, as referring to the Works and Scenes of Nature, and the Omnipresence of God, may be considered as adapted to occasional Out-of-door Services, in the Country :—

Public Worship	1, 3—5
Sabbath Morning	17
Before Sermon	..	18—21
After Sermon	..	24
Sabbath Evening	28
Unity and Eternity of God	30—32

INDEX.

Omnipresence of God	33—36
Power of God	37—39
Goodness of God	44, 45
Providence of God	50, 51
Glory of God in Redemption	56—58
Messiah's Kingdom	80
Christ a Covert from the heat	124
Christ a Sun	150, 151
The Spirit's influence invoked	180
Nature and Scripture	191, 192
Power and Success of the Gospel	195
Prayer for Britain	— 282
Praise to God	287, 289
Praise for Temporal Mercies	298, 299
The Christian's Protection	319
Hope and Trust	344, 346
Love to the Brethren	366
Pilgrimage	378
The Church described ..	413
The River of God	417
The Year crowned with Goodness	453
The Seasons, &c.	454—461
Man fading, &c.	471
Doxology	499

SCRIPTURE INDEX.

GENESIS.								
Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	Ch.	Ver.	Hymn
3	15	233	34	8, 9	44	97		170
5	24	293	34	7-9	392	98		80
8	22	457	34	19	480	98	1-4	294
22	3-14	225	35	3	62	102	13-18	418
22	24-26	246	36	7-9	429	102	25, &c.	32
NUMBERS.			37	5	227	107	23-32	463
24	17	74	37	37	486, 487	110	4	159
DEUTERONOMY.			43	3	252	111		48
6	4	30	43	3 1st clause.	271.	111	9	42
JOSHUA.					276, 278	117		499
24	15	386	45	3, 4	273	118	24	17
RUTH.			46	4	417	119	9	473
1	16, 17	216	46	6, 8, 9	304	119	57, 60, 94	371
1 SAMUEL.			46	8-11 2nd pt.	223	119	71	431, 462
3	18	383			304	119	97	368, 370
7	12	450-452	47		109	119	105	188
1. KINGS.			47	4	384	119	111	369
18	44, 45	196	48	2, 3	415	119	148, 54, 72	368
1. CHRONICLES.			48	10-14	427	125		319
29	13, 14	447	50	15	261	130	4 &c	66
JOB.			52	1	45, 292	131	253, 260, 349	
1	21	387, 404	55	22	228	132	8-18	423
19	26	405	61	2-5	144, 262	132	13-18	414
30	23	485	65	2	243	133		365-367
30	28	344	65	11	453	133		393
PSALMS.			67		282	139	1-12	33, 36
4	8	323	68	11	278	139	23, 24	5, 252
5	3 1st & 2nd pts.	448	68	17, 18	110	141	2 1st & 2nd pts.	449
15		229, 314	69	20-34	63	142	5	142
19		191	71	17-19	478, 479	145		55
20	5	218	72		169	145	1, 2	300, 301
23		147, 265	73	25	362, 363	145	6, 7	43
24	7-10	108	73	26	142, 321	146	2	300, 301
25	9	372	77	19	54	147	12-20	459
27	14	231	80	1	276	149	2	163
30	5	344, 345	84		6	150		286
31	15	389	84	11	150	PROVERBS.		
32	1-6	327	85	8	375	3	9	446, 447
32	7	132, 144, 323	87	5, 6	424	9	1-5	203, 208
			89	7 &c.	4	15	8	5
			89	15-18	198	18	10	328
			90	2	31	18	24	129, 130
			90	9-12	469	30	7-9	832
			93		37, 270	ECCLESIASTES.		
			95		3	12	1	426
			95	7, 8	206			

SCRIPTURE INDEX.

CANTICLES.			MICAH.			Ch.	Ver.	Hym
Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	7	47 6
6	10 413	6	6-8 247	8	22-24 8
ISAIAH.			7	18-20 47	9	23-26 35
2	2-5 421	NABUM.			10	42 212, 34
6	3 42	1	7 202, 328	12	32 34
8	10 133	HABAKKUK.			12	33 44
11	6 422	3	2 267-269	12	35-38 21
12 295	ZECHARIAH.			14	16-22 24
12	2 346, 391	13	1 123	15	1, 2 15
25	4 124, 143	MALACHI.			16	7, 10 41
25	9 175	3	16 466	17	5 24
26	3 146, 465	4	2 151	18	10-14 34
26	4, 5 226	MATTHEW.			21	19 174-17
26	20 .. 2nd, pt.	223	1	21 134, 135	22	19 41
27	2, 3 152	1	23 133	22	42, 44 89, 1
32	2 .. 124, 132, 141		2	2 74, 149	22	61, 62 21
33	17 407	4	17 210	24	6, 34 .. 104, 11	
40	6-8 470, 471	4	23, 24 83	24	32 41
40	27-31 235	5	3 351	JOHN.		
42	2 475	5	3-12 315	1	9 1
49	13-16 .. 416, 345		5	5 372	1	13 1
53	6-12 102	6	10 164	1	14 1
55	1 203	7	12 222	1	29 1
55	10, 11 .. 24, 195		8	23-26 84	3	3 &c. 1
57	15 234, 348	9	37, 38 279	3	16, 17 1
58	5-8 2nd, pt.	408	11	28-30 .. 204	213	4	24 1
59	19 270	12	20 475	4	34 1
60	4 167	14	23 86, 87	6	33, 48, 55 ..	1
60	15-20 419	20	28 82	6	37 205, 2
61	1 81	21	5 162-164	6	68 3
65	17 410	25	1-13 232	7	37 2
65	25 422	25	31-34 175	8	2 1
JEREMIAH.			26	33-35 221	8	12 1
3	4 474	26	39 89, 90	8	36 2
3	19 69	26	41 395	10	9 1
5	22 40	27	45-50 .. 92, 93		10	11 147, 1
8	22 139	28	6 104-106	10	10, 11, 16 ..	2
17	7, 8 316	MARK.			10	27-29 .. 148, 3	
45	5 332	4	36-39 .. 84, 140		11	24 496, 4
EZEKIEL.			8	38 334	12	32 1
36	26 341	10	13-16 483	13	7 1
37	1-14 277	12	29 30	13	34 1
48	35 381	15	32-37 .. 92, 93		14	6 1
HOSEA.			LUKE.			14	13, 14 1
2	15 126	2	13, 14 .. 75-77		14	16 1
AMOS.			4	18-22 .. 81, 158		14	19 1
7	2 268	6	12 86, 87	15	1-5 1
			7	37, 38 370	15	12, 17 1
						16	23, 24 1

SCRIPTURE INDEX.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	Ch.	Ver.	Hymn
16	33	237	6	10, 11, 13	217	11	1	250, 336
17	19	71			333, 394	11	1, 3, 8, 10	336
19	5	93	PHILIPPIANS.			12	1	390
19	30	94-96	1	23	397-402	12	6	398
ACTS.			3	8	100	12	11	491, 492
2	1-4	177	3	12-14	380	12	18, 22	201, 224
3	19	210	4	4	224			425
3	22	156, 157	4	8	229	12	24	115, 425
4	12	135, 153	4	10	50	JAMES.		
10	38	83, 88	COLOSSIANS.			1	18	296
17	30	210	3	1, 2	107	5	16	latter pt. 241, 242, 245
ROMANS.			3	3	356	I. PETER.		
3	19-22	67	I. THESS.			1	8	400
5	21	165	4	16, 17	171, 346, 488-490, 496, 497	1	24, 25	471
7	19-25	339	II. THESS.			2	11	377, 378
8	26	244	2	16	latter pt. 297	2	21	87, 88, 306
8	34	113, 114	I. TIMOTHY.			5	5	253, 260
10	6-10	339	3	16	111, 112, 133	5	7	227, 228
11	25, 26	276	4	8	323	II. PETER.		
13	11, 12	230	6	6	323	1	19	125
14	8	373	6	12	353	1	21	186, 190
I. CORINTHIANS.			II. TIMOTHY.			3	13	404, 410
1	23, 24	197	1	12	329, 479	I. JOHN.		
2	2	335	2	3	333	1	7	115, 304
2	9, 10	406	2	12	334	2	1	117, 118, 160
3	6	22, 197	3	16	186-190	3	1-3	68
5	8	432	TITUS.			4	8-10	45, 46
11	23 &c.	431	3	7	73	JUDE.		
12	31	264	HEBREWS.			20, 21	220	
13	1	360	1	14	324, 325	REVELATION		
13	9-12	54	2	10	123	1	5, 6	305-311
13	13	357, 360	2	17	161, 248	2	1	430
15	55	105	3	5, 6	290	5	8-10	305-311
II. CORINTHIANS.			4	2	292	6	11-13	10
2	16	197	4	9	29	6	2	166, 167
5	7	338	4	15, 16	161, 248	7	13-17	411, 412
5	8	401	6	18-20	127, 343	8	3, 4	113
5	14	254, 304	7	11, 12	201	11	15	164, 173
6	2	205, 206	7	17	150-161	14	13	486-489
8	9	444	7	25	113, 114	17	14	162-164, 166
9	15	131	9	11	159, 160	19	16	
12	9	236, 251	9	27	485	21	4	410
13	14	2nd, pt. 496	10	8-10	78	21	27	486
GALATIANS.			10	23	240	22	16	138
4	6	68	10	28, 29	200	22	17	213
5	17	330				22	20	172, 403
6	14	100, 101						
EPHESIANS.								
2	5	64						
2	8	337						

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 112th. *Commencement of Worship.* WESLEY.

LO! God is here : let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace :
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe; with reverence love.

2. Lo! God is here : him, day and night,
United quires of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a faltering tongue.
3. Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with sacred incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will :
To thee may all our worship rise,
A pure and grateful sacrifice.

- 2 L. M. *The same.* BROWNE.

'TIS the fair dawn of heavenly day,
To heavenly bliss the shining way,
When to his temple God descends,
And there converses with his friends.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2. With beams of smiling majesty,
He awes, and yet invites them nigh ;
His glory and his grace displays,
And shines with bright, but friendly rays.
3. While hovering o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace ;
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to life and praise.
4. 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will ;
And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With rapturous joy we soar away.
5. These are the dearest hours I know,—
The sweetest joys of all below :
Here would I choose my fix'd abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

3 S. M. *Call to Public Worship.* WATTS

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4 C. M. *Reverential Worship.* WATTS.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2. How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared to thine?

3. Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

4. Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

(See also Hymn 42.)

5 C. M. *Sincere Worship.* WATTS.

GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2. Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3. Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
4. Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

6 L. M. *Desiring Public Worship.* STEELE.

- H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
2. O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
 3. Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires ;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
 4. One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state :
The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

7 S. M. *Pleasure of Public Worship.* S. STENNETT.

HOW charming is the place,
Where our Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !

PUBLIC WORSHIP

2. Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
3. To him our prayers and cries
Our humble souls present ;
He listens to our broken sighs,
And grants us all we want.
4. To us his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of our hearts.
5. Give us, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of our God.

8

7s. *The same.*

TURNER.

- L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are !
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of Thee.
2. From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
 3. Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4. Thus with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

9 C. M. *Communion with the Worship of Heaven.*
WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2. The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
3. Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.
4. The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

10 C. M. *Longing for the Worship of Heaven.*
WATTS.

- F**ATHER, I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
2. Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight ;
*But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.*

THE SABBATH.

3. I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
 4. The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.
-

THE SABBATH.

11 S. M. *Welcome to the Sabbath.* WATTS.

- WELCOME**, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
 3. One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
 4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

THE SABBATH.

12

L. M. *The same.*

[To be sung on the morning of the day appointed for the celebration of the Lord's Supper.]

WELCOME to us this sacred day,
Which brings remembrance of our Lord ;
To him we'll highest homage pay,
And hear his glad reviving word.

2. We'll joyful round his table sit,
And there record redeeming love,
Which saved us from the lowest pit,
And raised our hopes to life above.
3. What though affliction's keenest smart
May often cause us to bewail,
And oft temptation's piercing dart
Our feeble souls may here assail ;
4. We'll mourn in hope, and hail Him nigh,
Who comes to save from every foe ;
With joy we'll meet him in the sky,
And see an end of all our woe.

13

L. M. *Sabbath Morning.* J. STENNETT.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

MORNING.

3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
4. This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
5. In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;—
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

14

7s. *The same.* MONTGOMERY.

- TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.
2. While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue ;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
 3. While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love ! to mine attend ;
Hear me—for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
 4. While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking through the sky.

THE SABBATH.

5. From thine house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
“ I have walked with God to-day.”

15 148th. *The same.*

ALL hail, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest :
From the low train of mortal toys,
We ~~soar~~ to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face :
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

16 L. M. *The same.* MONTGOMERY.

- G**OD in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat,
Here on his sabbath we attend.
2. Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

BEFORE SERMON.

3. With righteousness thy priests array ;
Joyful thy chosen people be ;
Set those who teach, and those who pray,
Let *all*—be holiness to *Thee*.

17

C. M. *The same.*

WESLEY.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2. Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bless'd and happy grow :
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
3. On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
4. He rises, who mankind hath bought,
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem !

18

C. M. *Before Sermon.*

WESLEY.

- C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,*
And break these hearts of stone.
2. O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn !

* Jer. xxiii. 29.

THE SABBATH.

3. Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day :
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
4. Thy pardoning mercy now declare,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

19

L. M. *The same.*

FAWCETT.

- T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
 3. To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy ;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
 4. Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will ;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

20

7s. *The same.*

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

BEFORE SERMON.

2. In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
3. Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
4. Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

21 8. 7. 4. *The same.* KELLY.

- I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear :
Hear with meekness ;
Hear thy word with godly fear.
2. While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory,
Without clouds in heaven we see.
 3. There in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore ;
Tasting of enjoyment greater,
Than they could conceive before :
Full enjoyment ;
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

(See also Hymns on the HOLY SPIRIT.)

THE SABBATH—AFTER SERMON.

22

148th. *After Sermon.*

NEWTON.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow ;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

23

7s. *The same.*

KELLY.

SAVIOUR; bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove ;
O let sinners hear thy call,
And thy people grow in love.

2. What has now been spoken, bless ;
Follow it with power divine :
Give the gospel great success :
Thine the work, the glory thine.
3. Saviour, bid the world rejoice ;
Send, O send thy truth abroad :
Let the nations hear thy voice ;
Hear it, and return to God.

24

S. M. *The same.*

WITH heart and lips unfeigned,
We praise thee for thy word ;
We bless thee for the joyful news,
Of our redeeming Lord.

2. Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given :

EVENING.

3. So let thy sacred truth
Accomplish thy design,
Distil on all our thirsty souls;
And consecrate us thine.

25 C. M. *Sabbath Evening.*

THIS sacred day, great God, we close
With gratitude and love,
And bless thee for the joyful news,
Which hails us from above.

2. May we retain the glorious truths
Recorded in thy word ;
And, with obedient lives, adorn
The doctrines of the Lord.
3. Ere long we hope to meet and join
The ransomed throng in bliss ;
With joy thy earthly courts we'll leave,
To dwell where Jesus is.

26 C. M. *The same.* BROWNE.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !

2. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.
3. Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine ;

THE SABBATH.

4. Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

27

C. M. *The same.*

CENNICK.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between !.

2. Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3. Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

28

L. M. *The same.*

OUR sabbaths come so welcome on,
We wish them to remain awhile,
But soon, alas ! their joys are gone,
And scarce ' bequeath a parting smile.

2. Full many are the hours of grief,
Allotted to the sons of men ;
Our sabbaths bring a short relief,
Yet leave us but to mourn again.
3. Ye peaceful days ! and thou blest sun !
Why roll ye in such haste away ?
Ye happy hours ! why flow ye on
So fast towards eternity ?

EVENING.

4. O ! if ye bring an endless day,
Speed fast along, nor ever cease ;
We'll gladly feel your joys decay,
In perfect and enduring bliss.

29 L. M. *The Eternal Sabbath.* DOUGLASS BRIDGE.

- T**HINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
2. No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place :
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
3. No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
4. O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.
-

G O D.

30 L. M. *His Unity.* WILLIAMS.

ETERNAL God ! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

GOD.

2. Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.
3. ~~Worship~~ to Thee alone belongs;
Worship alone to Thee we give:
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.
4. Spread thy great name thro' every land;
Each idol deity dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrival'd GOD alone.

31 C. M. *Eternity and Immutability.* MRS. ROWE.

- THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race,
Before the ample elements
Filled up the voids of space.
2. Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd;—
 3. Ere men adored, or angels knew
Or praised thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
And glory were the same.
 4. And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break;
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

5. When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonished sun roll back ;
When all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake ;
6. For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchanged, in everlasting years,
*Shall Thy existence be.

32

L. M. *The same.*

DODDRIDGE.

- G****REAT** Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
2. Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
 3. Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
 4. But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;
 5. Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

GOD.

33

C. M. *Omnipresence.*

SCOTT.

GREAT God! thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound, my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2. To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust;—

3. Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be imprest!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
The truth within my breast!

4. By thee observed, by thee upheld,
Let earth or hell oppose;
I'll press with dauntless courage on,
And dare the proudest foes.

5. Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind the immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

34

7s. *The same.*

EDMESTON.

GOD IS HERE—how sweet the sound!
All I feel, and all I see,
Nature teems, above, around,
With universal Deity!

2. Is there danger?—Void of fear,
Though the death-winged arrow fly,
I can answer—GOD IS HERE,
And I move beneath his eye!

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

3. When I pray, he hears my prayer ;
When I weep, he sees my grief ;
Do I wander ?—He is there,
Ready to afford relief.
4. Distance cannot part my soul,
Not the morning in its flight,
Not the widest seas that roll,
Not the mount of greatest height.
5. Then I would not spend a care
Where my future lot may lie ;
I am safe, for He is there,
Be it within INFINITY !

35 C. M. *Omnipresence and Omnipotence.*

H. K. WHITE.

- T**HE Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find ?
I hear him in the waterfall !
I hear him in the wind !
2. If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly ;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.
 3. He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.
 4. He smiles, we live—he frowns, we die—
We hang upon his word :
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares his sword.

GOD.

5. He bids his blast the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits like the Ruler of the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace !

36 L. M. *Omnipresence and Omniscience.* WATTS.

- LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro' ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
3. Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
4. Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.

37 L. M. *Power and Dominion.* WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns : he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

2. But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
3. Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.
4. For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

38

C. M. *Power and Wisdom.*

WESLEY.

- I** SING the almighty Power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the Wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
 3. Lo ! the rough mountains of the deep,
Obey his strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
 4. Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

GOD.

39 C. M. *Power and Mercy.* DODDRIDGE.

GREAT Ruler of all Nature's frame,
We own thy Power divine :
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2. Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
3. Thy Mercy tempers every blast,
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.
4. Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of Paradise shall soothe
My weary soul to peace.

40 C. M. *Power in the Sea.* HAWES.

WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
Beneath the billows roar,
And, breaking on the coral strand,
Whiten with foam the shore.

2. Thee, in thy works, my God, I see :
Thou said'st and it is done—
Bound by the unchangeable decree—
“ Proud waves, no farther come !”
3. Though tempests rear your curling head,
And mingle sea and skies,
Smooth as the mirror ye shall spread,
If “ Peace, be still !” he cries.

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

4. Shall winds and waves their God obey,
And I refuse to hear;
Shall He who binds the flowing sea,
Not bind me with his fear?
5. O Thou, who rulest seas and skies,
Corruption's flood control,
Nor let the waves of passion rise,
Within my troubled soul.
6. Then I within thy sacred mound,
With calm obedience blest,
Shall, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
And wait eternal rest.

41

C. M. *Sovereignty.*

WATTS.

- K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave TO BE.
 3. Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.
 4. His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.

GOD.

4. Let nature burst into a song :
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong ;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.
5. Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue ;
Its sweetest notes belong to you ;
Chose by this condescending King,
For ever round his throne to sing.

45

C. M. *The same.*

GIBBONS.

- THY Goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
 3. But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
 4. Thy Son, thy noblest, choicest gift,
Was from thy bosom sent,
To bear from off our sinking world,
Its load of punishment.
 5. Pardon, acceptance, peace and joy,
Are published in his name ;
Ours is the life, the glory ours,
And his the death and shame.

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

46

C. M. *Love.*

A MID the splendours of thy state,
My God, *thy Love* appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2. Nature, through all her ample round,
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The *goodness* of thy names.
3. Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite ;
But the sweet charms of sovereign *grace*
O'erwhelm us with delight.
4. Sinai, in clouds and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name ;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.
5. Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God the Lord is LOVE !

47

L. M. *Mercy.*

DODDRIDGE.

SUPREME in Mercy, who shall dare
With thy compassion to compare ?
For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,
And bid the trembling sinner live.

2. Millions of our transgressions past,
Cancelled, behind thy back are cast ;
Thy grace, a sea without a shore,
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.

GOD.

3. And lest new legions should invade,
And make the pardoned souls afraid,
Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,
And form degenerate hearts anew.
4. Our Leader, God, our songs proclaim;
We lift our banners in his name;
With songs of triumph forth we go,
And level the gigantic foe.
5. His truth to Jacob shall prevail;
His oath to Abr'am cannot fail:
The hope of saints in ancient days,
Which ages yet unborn shall praise.

48

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

- G**REAT is the Lord : his works of might
Demand our noblest songs :
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
2. Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
 3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came,
To seal his covenant sure ;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
 4. They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

49

L. M. *Mercy and Truth.*

WATTS.

IN thee, O God, are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown ;
All the ~~rich~~ gifts which nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.

2. High o'er the earth thy Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the ~~utmost~~ sky :
Thy Truth to endless years remains,
Though lower worlds dissolve and die.

3. Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

50

L. M. *Providence.*

COWPER.

ALmighty King, whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

2. Thy Providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;
My soul is nourished by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
3. My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er I want, his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
1. Forgive the song that falls so low,
Beneath the gratitude I owe !
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more,

GOD.

51

C. M. *The same.*

STEELE.

THY wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord !
 In all thy works appear ;
 And, O ! let man thy praise record
 Man, thy distinguished care !

2. From thee the breath of life he drew ;
 That breath thy power maintains ;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.

3. Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possess'd ;
 By revelation's brightest rays
 Still more divinely bless'd.

4. Thy Providence, his constant guard,
 When threatening woes impend,
 Or will the impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours lend.

5. On us that providence has shone,
 With gentle smiling rays ;
 O may our lips and lives make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise.

52

L. M. *The same.*

WESLEY.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head ;—

2. In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

HIS ATTRIBUTES, &c.

3. Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command ;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
4. Whither, O whither should I fly !
But to my loving Saviour's breast :
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
5. Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

53 C. M. *Mysteries of Providence.* BEDDOME.

GREAT God of Providence ! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2. The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt to approach,
The farther off they fly.
3. But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.
4. The ~~Sun~~ of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

GOD.

2. But when the dawn of heaven we view
In fallen sinners born anew ;
When in the Gospel's brighter skies,
We see the Sun of glory rise ;
3. No more we ask the stars to tell,
What Jesus only could reveal ;
In him at once our eyes behold,
More than creation ever told.
4. Omnipotence, in accents sage,
Creation sings through every age ;
But Love and Justice, Truth and Grace,
Shine brightest in Redemption's rays.

58

Glory of God in the Person of Christ.

WATTS.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue :
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
3. The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
4. But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands :
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

HIS GLORY IN REDEMPTION.

5. Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

59

7s. *Redeeming Love.*

- N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name !
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
4. Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
5. When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

60

C. M. *Redemption by Christ alone.* WATTS.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood ;

GOD.

2. Infinite pity touched the heart
Of God's beloved Son,
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
3. Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
4. His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
5. To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign,
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

61

C. M. *Salvation.*

WATTS

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HIS GLORY IN REDEMPTION.

62

C. M. *The same.* DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION! O melodious sound

To wretched dying men!

Salvation that from God proceeds,

And leads to God again.

2. Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires and chains;
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3. But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4. The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5. My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

63

C. M. *Salvation by Grace in Christ.* WATTS.

FATHER, we sing thy wondrous grace,

We bless our Saviour's name;

He bought salvation for the poor,

And bore the sinner's shame.

2. His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

GOD.

3. His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please our God
Than harp, or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
4. This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
5. Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While land and seas assist the sky,
And join to advance the praise.

64 S. M. *Salvation by Grace throughout.* DODDRIDGE.

- G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
 3. Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
 4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise,

Reigning Grace. Hymn 165.

HIS GLORY IN REDEMPTION.

65

L. M. *Divine Forgiveness.* GIBBONS.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound,
To malefactors doomed to die ;
Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye seraphs, shout it to the sky !

2. 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
3. O'er sins unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
4. For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honours shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardours glow.
5. By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

66

L. M. *The same.*

THERE is forgiveness, Lord ! with thee,
The humble penitent to cheer ;
That all who thy rich mercy see,
May hope and love, as well as fear.

2. More welcome than the morning's face,
To those who long for break of day,
Great God ! is that abundant grace,
Which thy kind promises display.

GOD.

3. Our trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain :
Let contrite souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

67 C. M. *Justification by Faith.* WATTS.

- V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
 3. In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now ;
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.
 4. Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

68 S. M. *Adoption.* WATTS.

- B**EHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
2. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

HIS GLORY IN REDEMPTION.

3. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
4. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
5. We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

69 C. M. *Sovereignty of Adoption.* DODDRIDGE.

- A**MAZING plan of sovereign love,
And doth our God look down
On rebels, whom his wrath might doom
To perish at his frown?
2. Doth he project a wondrous scheme,
In such a way to save,
That justice, majesty, and grace,
May our joint triumph have ?
 3. One look the stubborn heart subdues,
And at his feet they fall ;
They own their Father with delight,
And he receives them all.
 4. Numbered amongst his dearest sons,
The pleasant land they share ;
On earth secured by power divine,
Till crowned with glory there.

GOD.

70

C. M. *Regeneration.*

WAITS.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites, that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2. The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
3. The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
4. Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

71

C. M. *Sanctification.*

DODDRIDGE.

MY Saviour, whence this streaming blood?
And whence this foul disgrace?
Whence all these pointed thorns and nails,
That pierce thy feet and face?

2. "I sanctify myself," he cries,
That thou may'st holy be;
"Come view my death; come trace my life,
"And learn to follow me."
3. O Lord we long for holiness,
And inbred sin we mourn:
To the bright path of thy commands,
Our wandering footsteps turn.

HIS GLORY IN REDEMPTION.

4. Not more sincerely would we wish
To climb the heavenly hill,
Than here, by thy own Spirit's power,
Thy pattern to fulfil.

72 C. M. *Sanctification and Pardon.* WATTS.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word—
'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'

3. My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh ! help my unbelief.

4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall :
Be thou my Strength, and Righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all !

73 L. M. *Eternal Life.* GIBBONS.

ETERNAL life !—how sweet the sound,
To sinners who deserve to die !
Publish the bliss the world around,
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.

JESUS CHRIST.

2. Eternal life !—how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathless clod,
The soul, discharged from sin and pain,
Ascends to enjoy its Father God !
 3. Eternal life !—how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When, rescued from the imprisoning tomb,
Glory invests our rising clay !
 4. Eternal life !—O how refined
The joy ! the triumphs how divine !
When saints, in body and in mind,
Shall in the Saviour's image shine !
 5. Holy and heavenly be that soul,
Where dwells a hope so bright as this :
How should we long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss !
-

JESUS CHRIST.

74

7s. *Star in the East.*

SONS of men, behold Him far,
Hail the long-expected Star !
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered nature right.

2. Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night ;
Kindling darkness into light.

HIS INCARNATION.

3. Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there !
4. Sing, ye morning stars, again ;—
God descends on earth to reign !
God in mercy leaves the sky !
Shout, ye sons of God on high !

75

C. M. *Incarnation.*

MEDLEY.

- M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay :
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.
2. In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
 3. Swift round the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd :
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
 4. Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
 5. Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

JESUS CHRIST.

6. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 'Glory to God on high!
 'Good-will and peace are now complete;
 'Jesus was born to die.'

76

7s. *The same.*

WESLEY.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King;
 'Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 'God to sinners reconciled.'

2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
3. Mild he lays his glory by;
 Born, that men no more might die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.
4. Come, Desire of nations! come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's promised seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
5. Glory to the new-born King!
 Let us all the anthem sing,
 'Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 'God to sinners reconciled.'

77

C. M. *The same.*

STEELE.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song,
 To our incarnate Lord;
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the eternal Word.

HIS INCARNATION.

3. To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.
4. Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
5. What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

78

C. M. *The true Messiah come.*

WATTS.

- T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.
2. No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
 3. Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The Offering and the Priest.
 4. He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
-

JESUS CHRIST.

79 8. 7. 4. *Call to Worship Messiah.* MONTGOMER

ANGELS ! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Saints ! before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3. Sinners ! bowed with true repentance,
Doomed by guilt to endless pains ;
Justice now repeals your sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

80 C. M. *Messiah's Kingdom.* WATT

JOY to the world ; the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

HIS MISSION.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace ;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

81 C. M. *The Mission of Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2. He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
3. He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
4. He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

82 C. M. *His condescending Grace.* DODDRIDGE.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name !
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.

JESUS CHRIST.

2. While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charmed with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King ;
3. For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laid'st thy glory by ;
 First, in our mortal flesh to serve ;
 Then, in that flesh to die.
4. Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are thine :
 To Thee our lives we would devote,
 To Thee our death resign.

83

C. M. *His Miracles.*

- J**ESUS, and didst thou condescend,
 When veiled in human clay,
 To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And drive disease away ?
2. Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
 And give the blind to see ?
 Jesus, thou Son of David, hear ;
 Have mercy, too, on me !
 3. And didst thou pity mortal wo,
 And sight and health restore ?
 Pity, O Lord, and save my soul,
 Which needs thy mercy more !
 4. And didst thou save a trembling frame,
 When sinking in the wave ?
 I perish, Lord ! oh save my soul !
 For thou alone canst save.

HIS MIRACLES AND DOCTRINE.

84 8. 7. *Christ stilling the Tempest.*

- S**PENT with toil, upon a pillow
 The Redeemer laid his head :
 Wild, beneath him, rose the billow,—
 Rose—and rudely rocked his bed.
2. Dreading now the gulph—for faster
 O'er the ship the waters fly—
 His companions wake him : ' Master,
 Carest thou not that we die !'
3. He arose :—alarmed, they found him
 Still their Lord, their Saviour still :
 Winds and waves rebuked, around him,
 Silent owned their Maker's will !
4. Thus, when tossing on the ocean,
 While the storm rolls wild and dark,
 And the waves' tumultuous motion
 Threatens to o'erwhelm my bark ;—
5. Saviour ! may I still be near thee
 See thy form, and hear thy voice :
 Then each blast shall but endear thee,
 Shall but bid my heart rejoice.

85 S. M. *His Doctrine.* NEEDHAM.

- B**EHOLD the Prince of Peace,
 The chosen of the Lord !
 God's well-beloved son fulfils
 The sure prophetic word.
2. No royal pomp adorns
 This King of Righteousness ;
 Meekness and patience, truth and love,
 Compose his princely dress.

JESUS CHRIST.

3. The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
4. Jesus, the Light of men !
His doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts.
5. Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The path which Christ hath marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

86

L. M. *His Devotion.* BEDDOME.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in feeble clay,
Prayer was his solace and delight ;
'Twas thus he spent the busy day,
And still employed the silent night.

2. Oppressed with sorrows, not his own,
But laden with our guilt and grief,
He bowed before his Father's throne,
And there he sought and found relief.
3. Each fleeting hour he passed away,
In sweet communion with his God ;
Oh let us learn of him to pray,
And tread the path which Jesus trod.

87

L. M. *Life and Example.* WATTS.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy Life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
4. Be thou my Pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

88

L. M. *Example.*

STEELE.

- T**HE holy gospel we profess
Is truth and mercy, peace and love ;
Such let our hearts and lives express :
Such let our conversation prove.
2. Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,—
Bright Pattern of the christian life.
 3. Oh how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
 4. To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

JESUS CHRIST.

5. Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labour of his life was love ;
If, then, we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

89 L. M. *Example in Sufferings.* DODDRIDGE.

- F**ATHER divine, the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
' Remove this bitter cup away :
2. ' But, if these pangs must still be borne,
' Or helpless man be left forlorn,
' I bow my soul before thy throne,
' And say, Thy will, not mine be done.'
 3. Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts and not our lips alone,
Would say, ' Thy will, not ours be done.'
 4. Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

90 C. M. *Prayer in the Garden.* HAWEIS.

- D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid ;
His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down ;
In agony he prayed ;—
2. ' Father ! remove this bitter cup,
' If such thy sacred will ;
' If not, content to drink it up,
' Thy pleasure I fulfil !'

HIS SUFFERINGS.

3. Go to the garden, sinner ! see
 These precious drops that flow !
The heavy load he bore for thee—
 For thee he lies so low !
4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations sore draw near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

91

C. M. *Jesus a man of sorrows.*

- B**EHOLD ! the Son of God appears,
 To save from sin and wo ;
He leaves his radiant throne on high,
 To dwell with men below.
2. Clothing himself with mortal flesh,
 He flies to our relief ;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
 And his companion, grief.
 3. From Bethlehem's inn to Calvary's cross,
 Affliction marked his road ;
And many a weary step he took,
 To bring us back to God.
 4. How keen the anguish and the smart,
 That pained his holy mind !
When all the powers of earth and hell
 Against him were combined.
 5. But oh, how dark the awful hour,
 When on the cross he cried,
 ' 'Tis finished,'—the full ransom's paid :
 Then bowed his head, and died.

JESUS CHRIST.

6. And did my Saviour thus expire,
 Nailed to the accursed tree ?
To him I give my soul away,
 Who lived, and died for me.

92 L. M. *Death of Christ.*—STEELE.

- S**TRETCHED on the cross the Saviour dies,
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
2. But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
3. And didst thou bleed !— for sinners bleed !
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
4. Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
5. Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

93 L. M. *Behold the Man.*

YE that pass by, behold the Man !
The Man of griefs condemned for you ;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain !—
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

HIS DEATH.

2. His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.
3. See there ! his temples crowned with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet, transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
4. Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,—
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

94

C. M. *It is finished.*

- B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo !
See from his agonizing wounds,
The blood incessant flow !
2. 'Tis finished !'—was his latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.
 3. 'Tis finished !—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.
 4. 'Tis finished !—now his groans are past ;
His blood, his pains, and toils
Have fully vanquished all our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.

JESUS CHRIST.

5. 'Tis finished!—legal worship ends,
The shadows flee away ;
While grace and truth resplendent shine,
To bless the gospel-day.

95

8. 7. 4. *The same, or Calvary.* FRANCIS.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
' It is finished !'
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2. It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!—
Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished all the types and shadows,
Of the ceremonial law !
Finished all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HIS CROSS.

96

C. M.' *Calvary.*

- T**HERE is a sacred, hallowed spot
Oft present to my eye ;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot,
 'Tis much-loved Calvary.
2. Eventful Mount ! oh, what a scene
 Of love and agony
Was there displayed, when Christ was seen,
 Suffering on Calvary.
3. 'Twas there he vanquished hell and death ;
 And, with a Conqueror's cry—
 ' 'Tis finished !'—he resigns his breath,
 On much-loved Calvary.
4. Endear'd Mount ! for earthly joys
 Let others pass thee by ;
Earth's transient scenes and fading toys
 I'll leave for Calvary.

97 S. M. *The Attraction of the Cross.* DODDRIDGE.

- B**EHOLD the amazing sight !
 The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight,
 Expire in agony !
2. For love of us he bled,
 And all in torture died :
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
 And oped his gushing side.
3. I see, and I adore,
 In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong attractive power,
 To lift my soul above.

JESUS CHRIST.

4. Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour, to confess
The energy divine.
5. In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy Cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

98

8. 7. *The same.*

- ON the wings of faith uprising
Jesus crucified I see;
While his love my soul surprising,
Cries, I suffered all for thee!
2. Then beneath the Cross adoring,
Sin doth like itself appear;
When the wounds of Christ exploring,
I can read my pardon there,
 3. Who can think without admiring?
Who can hear and nothing feel?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?
 4. Angels here may gaze and wonder,
What the God of love could mean,
When that heart was torn asunder,
Never once defiled with sin.

99 8. 7. *Blessings flowing from the Cross.* ROBINSON.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:

HIS CROSS.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye ;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze :
Love I much ? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.
3. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death :
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

100 L. M. *Deadness to the World by the Cross.*

WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

JESUS CHRIST.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine ;
Demands my soul, my life, my ALL.

101

L. M. *Glorying in the Cross.*

WHERE shall the guilty, who hath lost
Jehovah's favour by his sin,
Find worth which he can safely trust,
A righteousness to glory in ?

2. Behold the Cross : the blood divine,
Which there for sons of wrath was spilt !
Here's worth enough to glory in,
Enough to purge the foulest guilt.
3. When false foundations all are gone,
Each lying refuge blown to air,
The cross remains your boast alone ;
For all your righteousness is there.
4. Is guilt your burden ? from the cross
Springs glorious liberty to you :
Or would you worldly lusts oppose ?
The cross victorious stands to view.

REWARD OF HIS DEATH.

5. Would ye like Jesus shine, when he
In glory comes the second time ?
Mark well his aspect on the tree ;—
Take up THE CROSS, and follow him.

102 S. M. *Humiliation and Reward of Christ.* WATTS.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head !
3. How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke !
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
4. His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
5. But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

103 L. M. *His Humiliation and Exaltation.* WATTS.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

JESUS CHRIST.

2. Come saints and drop a tear or two,
For Him who groaned beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
3. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus the dead revives again !
4. The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's courts he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

104

7s. His Resurrection.

- C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high !
Sing ye heavens,—and earth reply.
2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
 3. Lives again our glorious King !
' Where, O death, is now thy sting ?'
Once he died our souls to save ;
' Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?'

HIS RESURRECTION.

4. Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head,
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
5. Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the *Resurrection*—Thou !

105

7a. *The same.*

SCOTT.

- L**O the rock is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey ;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.
2. Mortals ! shout in rapturous song ;
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new born.
 3. Praise him, ye celestial choirs !
Praise and sweep your golden lyres !
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.
 4. Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell !
Where O death ! is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?
 5. Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord ;
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the immortal praise resound.

JESUS CHRIST.

106 L. M. *Benefit of Christ's Resurrection.* WALLIN.

WHEN I the sacred tomb survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie :
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2. This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death :
Sweet pledge !—that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.
3. Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more ;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
4. Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold !
See the rich diadem he wears !
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

107 L. M. *Moral Influence of Christ's Resurrection.*
WESLEY.

BELIEVING souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with Him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2. Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions shew your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your Head to heaven.
3. There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

HIS ASCENSION.

4. To Him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

108

7s. *His Ascension.*

JESUS is gone up on high ;
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing,—
'Open now, ye heavenly gates !
'Tis the King of glory waits:

2. Now behold him high enthroned !

Glory beaming from his face !
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace !
O for hearts and tongues to sing
'Glory, glory, to our King !'

3. Jesus, on thy people shine !

Warm our hearts and tune our tongues !
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore !

109

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2. Jesus our God ascends on high !

His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

JESUS CHRIST.

3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
5. In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

110

C. M. *The same.*

MICKLE.

- T**HOUSANDS of angels at thy gate,
And great archangels stand,
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
Great Lord ! thy dread command !
2. Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
With God-like honours clad,
Captivity in captive chains
Triumphing thou hast led :
 3. That thou might'st dwell with men below,
And be their God and King ;
From this low world, this land of wo,
Shalt thou thy people bring.
 4. To heavenly mansions, high and fair,
Our Captain's gone before,
Shall for his host the way prepare,
And they shall faint no more.

SEEN OF ANGELS.

5. How bright, O thou that hearest prayer,
How mild thy mercies shine !
A mother's love, a father's care,
But ill resemble thine !

111

C. M. *Jesus seen of Angels.*

- B**EYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.
2. Legions of angels round his throne,
In countless armies shine ;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.
3. ' Hail, glorious Prince of Peace,' they cry,
' Whose unexampled love
' Moved thee to quit those blissful realms,
' And royalties above.'
4. Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend ;
Oft wondering, how, or where, at last,
This mystic scene would end !
5. They saw his heart transfixed with wounds,
And viewed the crimson gore ;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.
6. They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne ;
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried
" The glorious work is done."

JESUS CHRIST.

112

L. M. *The same.*

ANGELS, astonished, view their God,
As Son of man to sinners given ;
With awe they saw his streaming blood,
Were struck,—and silence was in heaven.

2. Now they with all the saints in light,
Worship the Lamb, enthroned above,
And praise the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of God's stupendous love.

113

C. M. *Intercession of Christ.* WATTS.

LIFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays ;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2. 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeased stern Justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
3. Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring ;
The Priest with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
4. Jesus alone shall bear my cries,
Up to his Father's throne :
He, dearest Lord ! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

114

L. M. *The same.*

STEELE.

HE lives ! the great Redeemer lives :
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

HIS ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice, armed with frowns appears :
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
3. Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts !
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies
4. In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus hears us on his heart.
5. Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On Him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

115 L. M. *His Atonement and Intercession.* WATTS.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge the blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks *peace* as loud from every vein.

2. Pardon and peace from God on high ;
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the favourites of the Lord.
3. To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

JESUS CHRIST.

116 148th. *His People's Surety.* WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3. My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

117 L. M. *Advocate.* STEELE.

WHERE is my God? does he retire,
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2. No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

4. He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

118 S. M. *The same.* WESLEY.

- Y**E sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
2. Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne
3. Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause;
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The victory of his cross.

119 112th. *Anchor of the Soul.*

- T**HO' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength and health and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on Christ my soul relies,
His word of promise never dies.
2. Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This Anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
His faithful power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

(See also Hymns 127, and "In all my troubles," &c.)

JESUS CHRIST.

120

8. 6. 8. *Ark.*

TOWNSEND.

WHEN sheltered safe, well pleased we hear
The waves and tempest roar ;
And raging winds without, endear
The warmth within the more :
Thus, Lord, I feel, from peril free,
Retired within thy sanctuary.

2. The world's tempestuous ocean dark,
Around still foams and swells,
But thou art as the happy Ark,
Where only safety dwells ;
And Peace, who skims that troubled sea,
Returns her olive-branch to thee.
3. Farewell, thou dark and stormy world,
Farewell thy grief and fear ;
The port is won, the sails are furled,
Ye cannot touch me here :
But welcome, peace and rapture, now,
And, O my Saviour, welcome Thou !

121

L. M. *Bread of Life.*

BEDDOME.

CHRIST is the Bread which came from
heaven,

The manna falling round our tent ;
Not dearly bought, but freely given,
The daily food of every saint.

2. His sacred flesh is meat indeed,
Never were angels feasted so ;
On this believers sweetly feed,
And every grace is made to grow.
3. Our table in the wilderness
Is with this rich provision stored :
Be thankful, O our souls, and bless
The sovereign bounty of the Lord.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

122

L. M. *Brother.*

JESUS, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die ;
And still he makes it his abode ;
As man he fills the throne of God.

2. Our nearest friend, our Brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
3. But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
4. O glorious hour, it comes with speed !
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

123

L. M. *Captain of Salvation.* WESLEY.

JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command ;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2. I see an open door of hope,
Legions of sins in vain oppose ;
Bold, I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.
3. Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my besetting, tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering, I to conquer go.

JESUS CHRIST.

4. My Lord in my behalf appears :
Captain, thy soul-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
5. Who can before my Captain stand ?
Who is so great a King as mine ?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine.

124

C. M. *Covert.*

- W**HEN, on a summer's cloudless day,
The sun darts forth his rays :
The traveller labours on his way,
Beneath the mid-day blaze ;
2. When not a cooling breeze is felt,
Nor friendly roof is nigh,
The languid body seems to melt,
And fainting spirits die ;
 3. Should some high rock at such an hour
A distant shade prepare,
Hope would exert his feeble power,
To fly and rest him there.
 4. Thus he who treads the heavenly path,
And feels upon him burn
The kindlings of almighty wrath,
Must labour, droop, and mourn :
 5. 'Till Christ, the Covert from the heat,
His longing spirit sees ;
And then he finds a cool retreat,
And shade, and rest, and ease.

(See also Hymns 144, and "When overwhelmed," &c)

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

125

S. M. *Day-spring.*

BOYCE.

ALL hail ! redeeming Lord,
Sweet Day-spring from on high ;
All hail ! thou Sun of righteousness,
With all thy vital joy.

2. In deepest shades of death,
The borders of despair,
We lie oppressed with heavy gloom,
And constant fetters wear.
3. Shine, lovely Star of day,
Around and in us shine,
And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.
4. Our wandering footsteps guide,
Through all this desert place ;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and peace.
5. Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheered with thy vital ray,
And open to our longiug eyes,
The road to perfect day.

(See also Hymns 74 and 138.)

126

C. M. *The Door.*

DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, our souls, and bless His name,
Whose mercies never fail ;
Who opens wide a Door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2. Behold the portal wide displayed,
The building's strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

JESUS CHRIST.

3. Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the Door :
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor dread the lion's roar.
4. Oh, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home.

Example. Hymns 87—89.

127 L. M. *Forerunner.* DODDRIDGE.

- J**ESUS, the Lord, our souls adore !
A painful sufferer now no more ;
High on his Father's throne he reigns,
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
2. His race for ever is complete :
For ever undisturbed his seat :
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gained victory.
 3. Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight ;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see,
Entered beyond the veil for thee.
 4. Lord, let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell ;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

128 C. M. *Fountain.* COWPER.

THERE is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !
3. Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

129

L. M. *Friend.*

NEWTON.

POOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend ;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2. From hell he ransomed me with blood ;
And, by his power, my foes controlled ;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
3. He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies :
Oh ! what a Friend is Christ to me !

JESUS CHRIST.

130

S. M. *The same.*

Bc

O THE transcendent love,
A sinless Saviour shows !

For publicans his bowels move,
His heart with pity glows.

2. Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race ;
And bids the greatest sinner hear,
The riches of his grace.
3. Let Pharisees exclaim,
And all this grace despise ;
Lord, we will love thy matchless name ;
'Tis wondrous in our eyes.
4. Yes, to life's utmost end,
Thy sovereign grace we'll show,
And own thee for the SINNER'S FRIEND
And sin's eternal foe.

131

L. M. *Gift of God.*

BEDD

JESUS, my Lord, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day !

2. Thou art the glorious Gift of God,
To sinners, weary and distressed ;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
3. Let me but say this Gift is mine !
I tread the world beneath my feet—
No more at poverty repine,
Nor wish for wealth among the great.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

132

L. M. *Hiding Place.* H. K. WHITE.

A WAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake !
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our Shield and Hiding-place.

2. 'Tis he—the Lamb—to him we fly,
 While the dread tempest passes by ;
 God sees his Well-beloved's face ;
 And spares us in our Hiding-place.
3. While yet we sojourn here below,
 Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
 Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
 We deeply need a Hiding-place.
4. Yet, courage—days and years will glide,
 And we shall lay these clouds aside ;
 Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
 And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.
5. Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
 We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
 Shall meet the Father face to face,
 And need no more a Hiding-place.

133

7s. *Immanuel.*

GOD with us ! O glorious Name !
 Let it shine in endless fame :
 God and man in Christ unite ;—
 O, mysterious depth and height !

2. God with us !—amazing love
 Brought him from his courts above :
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire ;
 Swell the song with holy fire.

JESUS CHRIST.

3. God with us ! but tainted not,
With our father Adam's blot ;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
4. God with us ! O, wondrous grace !
Let us see him face to face ;
That we may IMMANUEL sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

134

C. M. *Jesus.*

NEWTON.

- H**OW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
 3. Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
 4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
 5. Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name,
Refresh my soul in death !

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

135

148th. *The same.*

WESLEY.

JESUS, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ;
 No other help is found ;
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

2. Jesus, harmonious Name !
 It charms the hosts above :
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love :
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze ;
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

3. His Name the sinner hears,
 From sin's dominion free ;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory ;
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And thrills his heart with sacred joy.

136

L. M. *Lamb of God.*

FAWCETT.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.

2. Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;
 He meekly bore the guilty load ;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid,
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
3. To save a guilty world, he dies ;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !

JESUS CHRIST.

To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4. Pardon, and peace through him about
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

137 S. M. *Lamb and Leader.* W

THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came
Thy ransomed people lead.

2. Angel of gospel-grace !
Fulfil thy character :
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
3. Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light :
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
4. Our fainting souls sustain,
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

138 L. M. *Morning Star.* BE

YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining b
Oh tell how mean your glories are ;
How faint and few compared with H

2. We sing the bright and Morning Star
Jesus, the Source of light and love ;

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

His purest rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3. 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This Light directs the pilgrim's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
That leads him safe to endless day.
4. When shall we reach the glorious height,
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre all divine.

(See also Hymn 125.)

139

L. M. *Physician.* STEELE.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;

Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas! is nature's aid;

The work exceeds all nature's power.

2. Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
3. And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
4. There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in His heavenly smiles appear,
Such ease as nature cannot give!
5. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;

JESUS CHRIST.

'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

140

L. M. *Pilot.*

COWPER.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky !
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2. O Lord, the Pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say " Peace, be still !"
3. Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee :
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
4. Though tempest-tost, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Lord, let nor winds, nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

141

148th. *The same.*

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For Thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and thine.

2. Thou art my Pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3. By faith I see the land—
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast :
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !

142 C. M. *Portion of his People.* NEWTON.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my Portion is.

2. Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven and earth and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And gave Himself to me.
3. His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear ;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
4. His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.
5. Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend ;
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

JESUS CHRIST.

143

7a. *Refuge.*

WESLEY.

JESUS ! Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,—
While the tempest still is high !

2. Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh, receive my soul at last !
3. Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone :
Still support and comfort me.
4. All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.
5. Thou of life the Fountain art !
Freely let me take of Thee !
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Rise to all eternity !

144

C. M. *Refuge and Rock.*

NEWTON.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains !
Now seated on the eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2. His righteousness to faith revealed,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a Hiding-place and Shield
From enemies and storms.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

3. When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
4. How glorious He, how happy they
In such a glorious Friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

145 7s. *Rock of Ages.* TOPLADY.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

146 L. M. *The same.* WESLEY.

JESUS protects ; my fears be gone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

JESUS CHRIST.

2. Whilst Thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
3. I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

147

S. M. *Shepherd.*

WATTS.

- THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
 3. While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
 4. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

148

C. M. *The same.*

DODDRIDGE.

IN one harmonious cheerful song,
Ye happy saints, combine:
Loud let it sound from every tongue,
Our Shepherd is divine.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

2. The least, the feeblest of the sheep
To him the Father gave ;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
3. That hand, which heaven and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell, .
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

149 L. M. *Star of Bethlehem.* H. K. WHITE.

ONCE on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark :
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

- 2 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck—I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
3. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
4. Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star ! the Star of Bethlehem !

150 L. M. *Sun.* STENNETT.

GREAT God ! amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.

JESUS CHRIST.

2. But, when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
3. Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight !
How shall I glance mine eye at thee,
In all thy vast immensity ?
4. In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are displayed !
But O ! what glories all divine,
In my incarnate Saviour shine !
5. He is my Sun : beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings ;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
6. Oh, may the vital strength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run,
With the same vigour as the sun !

151 *L. M. Sun of Righteousness.* **DODGE**

TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name

2. In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;
Whose noble light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

3. Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine;
Quickened by him, our souls shall live,
And cheered by him, shall grow and thrive.
4. O may his glories stand confest
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun!

Surety. Hymn 116. *Teacher.* Hymn 150.

152

C. M. *Vine.*

DODDRIDGE.

- J**ESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
2. Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.
 3. I can do nothing without Thee;
My strength is wholly thine:
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.
 4. Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
 5. Each moment, watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

JESUS CHRIST.

153

L. M. *The Way.*

81

JESUS, the Spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

2. No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living Way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
3. Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart :
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide !
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
4. Safe lead us through this world of night
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

154

C. M. *Way, Truth, and Life.*

D

THOU art the Way,—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.

2. Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And they who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell can harm.

HIS OFFICES.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
Grant us that *way* to know,
That *truth* to keep, that *life* to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.
- 155 8. 8. 6. *Various Characters celebrated.* FAWCETT.
O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
2. We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
3. Well—the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face :
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.
- 156 C. M. *The Offices of Christ.* WATTS.
WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
2. We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

JESUS CHRIST.

3. We honour our exalted King ;
How sweet are his commands !
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.
4. Hosanna to His glorious name,
Who saves by different ways ;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

157

C. M. Prophet.

KELLY.

GREAT Prophet of the ransomed church,
Command the light to shine ;
For stores of wisdom let us search,
Thy word the sacred mine.

2. Jesus, sole Oracle of truth,
O may we learn of thee ;
Receive true wisdom from thy mouth,
And live from error free.
3. Of future things content to know
As much as thou hast taught ;
Not idly curious here below,
In things that profit not.
4. One great event, by thee foretold,
Teach us to keep in view ;
Thy coming !—when we shall behold
And share thy glory too.
5. Till then, let all thy people here
Walk, with increasing light ;
And when thy glory shall appear,
Welcome the joyful sight.

HIS OFFICES.

158 L. M. *Jesus Teaching the People.* BOWRING.

HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace;
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2. From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke—
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!
Yes! sacred Teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee—love thee—and be blest.

159 148th. *Priest.* GENNICK.

A GOOD High-Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And, taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace;
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2. My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed;
Ordained to offer blood
For sinners, ~~who~~ his mercy seek;
A Priest, as was Melchizedek.
3. He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To every tempted mind:

JESUS CHRIST.

In every point, the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us he died.

4. I other priests disclaim,
And laws, and offerings too ;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do ;
He shall have all the praise, for He
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

160

L. M. *The same.*

STANNETT.

- '**M**ONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands :
The radiant beauty of His face
Superior love and awe demands.
2. Descended from the eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son ;
And, dressed in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.
 3. So he presents his sacrifice,—
An offering most divinely sweet ;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
 4. The Father, with approving smile,
Accepts the offering of his Son ;
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.
 5. The welcome news their lips repeat,
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast :
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy Advocate and Priest.

HIS OFFICES.

161

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
2. Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame :
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
3. But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
4. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
5. Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace,
 In the distressing hour.

162

7s. *King.*

C. WESLEY.

- E**ARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King !
 Sons of men, his praises sing ;
 Sing ye in triumphant strains,
 Jesus our Messiah reigns !
2. Power is all to Jesus given,
 Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven ;
 Every knee to him shall bow ;
 Satan, hear, and tremble now !

JESUS CHRIST.

And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

5. Lord, when this changing life is past,
If we may see thy face,
How shall we praise and love at last,
And sing the Reign of grace.

166 C. M. *Conquests of Christ.* WATTS.

HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2. Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait,
To crown thy head above.
3. Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.

167 L. M. *The same.* BEDDOME.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread:
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2. His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
3. O may His conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;

HIS CONQUESTS AND KINGDOM.

While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4. Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

168 148th. *Increase of Messiah's Kingdom.*

REJOICE, the Saviour reigns

Among the sons of men ;
He breaks the prisoners chains,
And makes them free again :
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2. The cause of righteousness,
And truth and holy peace,
Designed our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease :
Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due with rapture vow.
3. All power is in his hand,
His people to defend,
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend ;
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.
4. This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree ;
This ever-blessed leaven
Diffused abroad must be :
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen ! Amen !

JESUS CHRIST.

169

L. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore ;
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. Behold ! the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

170

L. M. *Second Coming.*

WATTS.

HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2. Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne ;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

HIS SECOND COMING.

3. In robes of judgment, lo ! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
4. His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day !
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

171

7a. *The same.*

- H**ARK ! the trumpet's awful sound ;
Hear the archangel's voice on high !
Now the Lord himself descends,
With a shout that rends the sky.
2. See ! his dead have heard the sound !
Spring immortal from the tomb ;
And with rapture meet their Lord ;
Crying, "*Now the Kingdom's come !*"
 3. Lo ! his saints who are alive,
In a moment changed are :
Rapt with them in radiant clouds,
Meet their Saviour in the air.
 4. Now all tears are wiped away ;
Free from curse, and free from pain,
All Christ's people now with him,
Kings and priests for ever reign.
 5. Looking for this boundless joy,
Let us, brethren, still be found
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,
And in mutual love abound.

JESUS CHRIST.

172 C. M. *Second Coming Welcomed.* DODDRIDGE.

‘BEHOLD I comè,’ (the Saviour cries)
‘On wings of love I fly ;’
So come dear Lord, (my soul replies)
And bring salvation nigh.

2. Come, loose these bonds of flesh and sin ;
Come, end my pains and cares ;
Bear me to thy serene abode,
Beyond the clouds and stars.
3. I greet the messengers of death,
By which thou call’st me home :
But doubly greet that joyful hour,
When thou thyself shalt come.
4. Come, plead thy Father’s injured cause,
And make thy glory shine ;
Come, rouse thy servants’ mouldering dust,
And their whole frame refine.
5. O come amidst the angelic hosts,
Their humble name to own ;
And bear the full assembly back,
To dwell around thy throne.

173 L. M. *Coming to Judgment.* WESLEY.

HE comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
How welcome to the faithful soul !

2. From heaven, angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crowned !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour’s face.

HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

3. Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
4. Shout, all ye people of the sky !
And all the saints of the Most High :
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns !

174

7a. *The same.*

HEBER.

- I**N the sun and moon and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
2. Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Loudier thunder rock the skies.
 3. Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear ;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear !
 4. But, though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

175

8. 7. 4. *The same.*

LO ! He cometh ! countless trumpets
Blow, to raise the sleeping dead ;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head ;
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

JESUS CHRIST.

2. Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear !
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear :
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.
3. " Come ye blessed of my Father,
" Enter into life and joy ;
" Banish all your fears and sorrows,
" Endless praise be your employ."
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the skies.
4. Now, at once, they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King ;
There, with all the hosts of heaven.
They eternal anthems sing.
Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

176 7. 6. *The Saint "standing in the Judgment."**

C. WESLEY.

STAND the omnipotent decree ;
Jehovah's will be done !
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan :
Let this earth dissolve and blend
In death the wicked and the just ;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2. Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed ;

* Psalm 1.

HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void ;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

3. Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague or sword :
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven ;
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.
-

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

177 L. M. *Pentecost, or the Effusion of the Spirit.*
WATTS.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2. What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
3. These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4. Great King of Grace ! my heart subdue ;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

178 L. M. *Operations of the Spirit.* WATTS.

- ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.
2. Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.
3. Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

179 S. M. *His Energy invoked.* HART.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come !
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
2. From thy celestial stores,
Life, light, and joy dispense ;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3. O, melt this frozen heart ;
This stubborn will subdue :
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
4. The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise ;
To thee O may I now devote
The remnant of my days.

180

C. M. *The same.*

- T**HY influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
2. Thy sacred influence, Lord ! we need,
To form our hearts anew ;
Oh, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show !
 3. Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
 4. Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And with the hope of endless bliss,
To Thee resign our breath.

181

L. M. *His Guidance implored.* BROWNE.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide !
O'er every thought and step preside.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2. Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
3. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
4. Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ,—the living Way ;
Nor let us from his pasture stray.
5. Lead us to God, our final Rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

182 C. M. *His Teaching implored.* WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2. Come, Holy Ghost, (for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke :)
Unlock the truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.
3. Expand thy wings; celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

183 C. M. *His Quickening influence implored.* WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

184 8. 7. *His Sanctifying Influence desired.* WESLEY.

COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart !
Bought for us by Jesus' merit,
Now thy blissful self impart.

2. Claim us for thy habitation ;
Dwell within our hallowed breast :
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3. Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free;
Wholly to thyself devoted;
Fixed to live and die for thee.
4. Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy and perfect love impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,—
All thou hast, and all thou art !

185

7s. The Comforter.

KELLY.

- J**ESUS is gone up on high ;
But his promise still is here,
'I will all your wants supply ;
'I will send the Comforter.'
2. Let us now his promise plead,
Let us to his throne draw nigh :
Jesus knows his people's need :
Jesus hears his people cry.
 3. Send us, Lord, the Comforter ;
Pledge and witness of thy love :
Dwelling with thy people here :
Leading them to joys above.
 4. Till we reach the promised rest ;
Till thy face unveiled we see :
Of this blessed hope possess,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

THE SCRIPTURES.

186 L. M. *Given by Inspiration of God.* WATTS.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2. The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
3. Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy Book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read His name who died for me.
4. Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind :
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is *thy word*, and must endure.

187 L. M. *Their Excellency.* WATTS.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2. Our nation reads the written word,
That Book of life, that sure record :
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.
3. God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and blest ;

THE SCRIPTURES.

And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2. The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3. In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And ~~orders~~ of his throne.

4. Ye British lands, rejoice ;
Here he reveals his *word* :
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5. His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his Gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

192 L. M. *The same.* HEGINBOTHOM altered.

TO Thee our hearts, eternal King !
Would now their thankful tribute bring ;
To Thee their humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2. All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed *word*, we trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3. There what delightful truths we read !
There we behold a Saviour bleed ;
His name salutes our listening ears,
Revives our hearts, and checks our fears.

THE SCRIPTURES.

4. There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace ;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
5. For love like this, oh may our song,
Through endless years thy praise prolong ;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more !

193 *L. M. Power of the Gospel.* **WATTS.**

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2. This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
3. The Gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live ;
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
4. May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

194 *L. M. The same.* **BEDDOME.**

GOD in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And Truth is drawn in fairest lines.

THE SCRIPTURES.

3. The vital savour of His name,
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same,
To guilt, despair, and death.
4. Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

198 C. M. *Blessedness of knowing the Gospel.* WATTS.

- B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
 3. The Lord, our Glory and Defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives !

199 L M. *The Law and Gospel contrasted.* WATTS.

- T**HE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
2. The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been ;
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

THE SCRIPTURES.

3. What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once !
But in the Gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
4. My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law ;
Fly to the hope the Gospel gives :
The man that trusts the promise lives.

200 S. M. *The Gospel superior to the Law.* WATTS.

- THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
2. Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
 3. Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The Sovereign and the Head.
 4. The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous fault.
 5. But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

THE SCRIPTURES.

201

C. M. *The same.*

BOWDLER.

OH ! not to Sinai's flaming height,
We lift the fearful eye,
Where clouds and shades of fiercest night
Proclaim Jehovah nigh.

2. The lightning's shaft, in vengeance aimed,
The tempest's awful hour,
Whose heart-felt notes so loud proclaimed
The law's condemning power ;—
3. All, all are fled ;—in Levi's line
The anointed elders fail ;
An holier voice, an arm divine
Hath rent the mystic veil.
4. Then Christian, dry the falling tear,
All anxious doubt remove ;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh ! wake thy heart to love.
5. Thy Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace ;
Thy Saviour God adore ;
He bids the throb of anguish cease—
The pains of guilt He bore.

202 148th. *The Gospel typified by the Law.* COWPER.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the Gospel too ;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2. The paschal sacrifice,
And blood besprinkled door,

THE SCRIPTURES.

Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3. The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth,
Should be the soul's defence ;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
 4. The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :
In him our Surety seemed to say,
' Behold I bear your sins away.'
 5. Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me.
-

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

203 C. M. *The Invitation of the Gospel.* WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

INVITATIONS

2. Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
3. Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.
4. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
5. The happy gates of Gospel-grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

204

8. 7. 4. *The same.*

SWA

- COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown !
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows through him alone.
2. Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory—
Where his ransomed captives meet.
 3. Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes ;

AND WARNINGS.

Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it—
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4. Blessed are the eyes that see him ;
Blest the ears that hear his voice ;
Blessed are the souls that trust him,
And in him alone rejoice ;
His commandments—
Then become their happy choice.
5. But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all :
Faith believes it—Hope expects it—
Love desires it—
But it overwhelms them all.

205 C. M. *Now is the accepted Time.*

COME guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds ;
This is the welcome Gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2. God loved the church, and gave his Son,
To drink the cup of wrath :
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,
That come to Him by faith.

206 S. M. *The same.* DODDRIDGE.

THE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be every ear inclined ;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind !

INVITATIONS

2. If He in thunder speaks,
Earth trembles at his nod ;
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condescending God.
3. O harden not your hearts,
But hear His voice to-day ;
Lest ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.
4. Almighty God ! pronounce
The word of conquering grace ;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
'And scorers seek thy face.

207 C. M. *True Liberty by Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

- H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty ;
Transported fall before His feet,
Who makes the prisoners free.
2. The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain ;
Smiling, he deals those pardons round,
Which free from endless pain.
 3. Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father ! cry.
 4. Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace,
The sinner's Friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by His name.

AND WARNINGS.

5. Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above ;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

208

C. M. *The Gospel Feast.*

STEELE.

- Y**E wretched, hungry, needy poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
 3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
 4. O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
 5. There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extacies unknown.
 6. And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach,—there yet is room.

INVITATIONS

209 *L. M. Sinners Warned.* WATTS.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly?

2. Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains,
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold.

210 *C. M. Sinners called to Repentance.* DODDRIDGE.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay:
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

2. No more the sovereign eye of God,
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are dispatched abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
3. O sinners, in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Accept the offered Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with the grace.
4. Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar;
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.

Sinners directed to the Lamb of God. Hymn 136.

211 *S. M. Expostulation with Sinners.* WESLEY.

YE simple souls, that stray,
 Far from the path of peace,

AND WARNINGS.

- (That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness :)
Why will ye folly love,
And throned the downward road,
And hate the Wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God ?
2. Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath ;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death :
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie ;
And utterly contemned we live,
And unlamented die.
3. But, through the Holy Ghost,
We witness better things ;
For He whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings :
With Him we walk in white,
We in his image shine ;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine.

212 L. M. *The same, or One thing needful.*
DODDRIDGE.

- W**HY will ye waste on trifling cares
The lives divine compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought,
The One thing needful is forgot ?
2. Shall God invite you from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

INVITATIONS

3. Not so your eyes will always view
The objects which you now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
4. Almighty God ! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart :
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

213 C. M. *The Saviour's Invitation.* STEELE.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2. For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
3. Ye sinners, come ! 'tis Mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts !
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts ;
And drink, and never die.

214 7s. *The same, or Come and Welcome.* HAWKES.

FROM the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear !

AND WARNINGS.

- ‘ Love’s redeeming work is done ;
‘ Come and welcome, sinner, come !
2. ‘ Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
‘ Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
‘ On my pierced body laid,
‘ Justice owns the ransom paid :
‘ Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
‘ Come and welcome, sinner, come !
3. ‘ Soon the days of life shall end ;
‘ Lo ! I come ! your Saviour, Friend—
‘ Safe your spirits to convey
‘ To the realms of endless day,
‘ Up to my eternal home !
‘ Come and welcome, sinner, come !’

215 C. M. *The Saviour’s Invitation accepted.*

- AND does the kind Redeemer stoop,
In such reviving strains,
The vilest sinners to invite,
And ease their heart-felt pains ?
2. Will he on no account cast out,
The guilty soul that flies
To his kind arms, for life and peace,
And all salvation’s joys ?
3. From age to age, have coming souls
A hearty welcome found !
Pleasures beyond whate’er they knew,
In sin’s enchanted round ?
4. Can they his truth and grace attest,
With their expiring breath,
And find his word their trust in life,
Their cordial too in death ?—

EXHORTATIONS.

219 7a. *The same.* H. K. WHITE, altered.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in wo,
 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
 Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
 Steep with tears the bread of life.

2. Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Join the war, and face the foe:
 Faint not—much doth yet remain,
 Dreary is the long campaign.
3. Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield ?
 Will ye quit the painful field ?
 Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
 Nor your foes shall rally more.
4. But when loud the trumpet blown,
 Speaks their forces overthrown,
 Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
 Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

220 C. M. *To Dependence.* GIBBONS.

WHILE sinners, who presume to bear
 The Christian's sacred name,
 Throw up the reins to every lust,
 And glory in their shame ;

2. Ye saints, preserved in Christ and call'd,
 Detest their impious ways,
 And on the basis of your faith,
 A heavenly temple raise.
3. Upon the Spirit's promised aid
 Depend from day to day,
 And while he breathes his quickening gale,
 Adore, and praise, and pray.

EXHORTATIONS.

4. Preserve unquenched your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher and still higher blaze,
Till it ascend the skies.
5. With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall, from his hands,
Their crowns of life receive.

221

S. M. *The same.*

COWPER.

- TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
2. The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
 3. Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
'I never will deny thee, Lord,'
But, 'grant I never may.'
 4. Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
 5. In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne:
Whoever says, 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

EXHORTATIONS.

222 C. M. *To Justice and Equity.* WAT

COME, let us search our ways and try,
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of *equity*
Our practice and delight ?

2. What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we done still the same ?
And ne'er delayed to pay his due,
Nor injured his good name ?

3. In all we sell, in all we buy,
Is *justice* our design ?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine ?

4. In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

223 C. M. *To Prayer, in the prospect of Nation
Judgments.* NEWT

THE gathering clouds, with aspect dark
A rising storm presage ;
Oh ! to be hid within the Ark,
And sheltered from its rage !

2. See the commissioned angel frown !
That vial in his hand,
Filled with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land !

3. Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope ;
Who knows but mercy yet may speak,
And bid the angel stop.

EXHORTATIONS.

4. O let us thus, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne ;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.
5. The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows ;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

SECOND PART.

L. M. *To "Be still," in the midst of Divine Judgments.**
VOKE.

BEHOLD the judgments of the Lord !
With silent awe before Him stand ;
What desolations he hath made !
How great the vengeance of his hand !

2. Be still, and know that He is God ;
Nor doubt his sovereign power to save :
He that bestows can, when he please,
Preserve the blessings which he gave.
3. His foes may rage, and kingdoms shake,
The earth itself before him melt ;
And *heavier strokes* his wrath display,
Than all the nations *yet* have felt.
4. No human strength nor wisdom can
One cheering ray of hope afford ;
And only those are unappalled,
Who lean securely on the Lord.
5. To them the promise whispers peace,
On which they cheerfully depend,

* Psalm 46.

EXHORTATIONS.

And through a rough and stormy way,
Look forward to a joyful end.

6. Be still, and know that He is God,
The sovereign universal King :
Exalt his name through all the earth,
And praises to his altar bring.

224

148th. *To Rejoice.*

SWAIN.

REJOICE, ye saints of God,
Whose undiverted feet
Still travel Zion's road,
Your gracious Lord to meet :
Whose bosoms glow with holy love,
Whose hearts and hopes are fixed above.

2. We are not come to gaze
On Sinai's mount with awe,
Or meet the fearful blaze
Of God's most righteous law ;
While round us flames of wrath divine,
In all their dreadful glories shine.
3. But we are come to hear
The sounds of grace and peace,
That scatter slavish fear,
And kindle hopes of bliss ;
That show our wandering feet the way,
From darkness to eternal day.
4. Yes, we are come to join
The bright assembled throng,
That, washed in blood divine,
Exalt the angelic song ;
Who glory in the Saviour's name,
And sing the sin-atoning Lamb.

EXHORTATIONS.

225 L. M. *To Submission.* WATTS.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2. So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
3. ' Abra'm forbear,' the angel cried,
' Thy faith is known, thy love is tried ;
' Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
' Shall the whole earth be blest indeed.'
4. Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power ;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see delivering grace.

226 L. M. *To Trust and Confidence.* WESLEY.

TRUST in the Lord, ye sons of men,
The Lord, almighty to redeem ;
Your faith in him shall not be vain,
He saves whoever trusts in Him.

2. His saving power no limit knows,
In strength and goodness infinite ;
Satan and sin his arm o'erthrows,
And bruises them beneath our feet.
3. He brings them down who dwell on high,
Humbles each vain aspiring boast ;
Bulwarks and towers that threat the sky,
He fells, and levels with the dust.

EXHORTATIONS.

4. He lays the lofty city low,
O'erturns and brings it to the ground ;
His hands destroy the inbred foe,
And all the strength of sin confound.

227

S. M. *The same*

LUTHER.

- C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands :
2. Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
3. Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
4. Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
5. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

228

S. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

YE saints, with all your cares,
Still lean upon the Lord ;
Cast all your burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

EXHORTATIONS.

2. His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love :
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

229 C. M. *To Truth and Sincerity.* WATTS.

LET those who bear the Christian name,
Their holy vows fulfil :
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2. True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear ;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise :
They know the God of truth can see,
Through every false disguise.
4. They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears :
They live in truth ; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

230 7s. *To Vigilance.* NEWTON.

DARKNESS overspreads us here,
But the night wears fast away ;
Jacob's Star will soon appear,
Leading on eternal Day !

2. Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
Trim our lamps and stand prepared ;
For our Lord strict watch to keep,
Lest he find us off our guard.

EXHORTATIONS.

3. Let his people courage take,
Bear, with a submissive mind,
All they suffer for His sake ;
Rich amends they soon shall find.
4. He will wipe away their tears,
Near himself appoint their lot ;
All their sorrows, pains and fears,
Quickly then shall be forgot.
5. Still we for salvation wait,
Every hour it nearer comes !
Death will break the prison gate,
And admit us to our homes.

231

L. M. *To Wait on God.* DODDRIDGE.

- W**AIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support your soul :
Well can He bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.
2. He waits his own well-chosen hour,
The intended mercy to display ;
And his paternal bowels move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.
 3. With mingled majesty and love,
At length He rises from his throne ;
And while salvation he commands,
He makes his people's joy his own.
 4. Blest are the humble souls that wait,
With sweet submission to his will ;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still.

EXHORTATIONS.

232 S. M. *To Wait for the Coming of Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

- Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
3. Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
4. O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
-

PROMISES.

233 L. M. *The First Promise.* BEDDOME.

- W**HEN, by the tempter's wiles betrayed,
Adam, our head and parent fell ;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread,
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.
2. Infernal powers rejoiced to see,
The new-made world destroyed, undone ;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy through his Son.

PROMISES.

3. 'Serpent, accurs'd, thy sentence read ;
'Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel ;
'The woman's Seed shall break thy head,
'Thy malice faintly bruise his heel.'
4. Thus God declares ; and Christ descends,
Assumes a mortal form, and dies ;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquered lies.
5. Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes ;
His power the prince of darkness feels,
And sinks oppressed beneath his woes.

234 L. M. *God's Promise to dwell with the Humble.*
WATTS.

- THUS saith the high and lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne ;
'My name is God, I dwell on high ;
'Dwell in my own eternity.
2. 'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too ;
'The humble spirit and contrite,
'Is an abode of my delight.
 3. 'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.'
 4. Lord, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die !
Thus shall our better thoughts approve,
The methods of thy chastening love.

PROMISES.

235 C. M. *Promise of Divine Strength.* WATTS.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot the almighty name,
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive,
Where perfect pleasure is.

236 C. M. *Of All-sufficient Grace.* NEEDHAM.

KIND are the words that Jesus speaks,
To cheer the drooping saint;
' My grace sufficient is for you,
' Though nature's powers may faint.

2. ' My grace its glories shall display,
' And make your griefs remove;
' Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
' Of boundless power and love.'

PROMISES.

3. What, though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.
4. Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name :
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
Will ever be the same.
5. Weak as I am, yet through thy grace,
I all things can perform :
And, smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging storm.

237 C. M. *Of Peace in Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

- H**ENCEFORTH let each believing heart,
From anxious sorrows cease ;
Though storms of trouble rage around,
In Jesus we have peace.
2. His blood from wrath to come redeems,
And his almighty grace,
By bitterest draughts of deep distress,
Its healing power displays.
 3. Jesus, our Captain, marched before,
To lead us to the fight :
And now he reacheth out the crown,
With heavenly glories bright.
 4. Lord, 'tis enough ; thy voice we hear ;
That crown by faith we see :
No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,
Since none divide from Thee.

PROMISES.

238 C. M. *Of Life with Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

THE promise of a Saviour's love
Shall stand for ever good,
And thus His life shall guard the souls
He purchased with His blood.

2. ' I live for ever, (saith the Lord)
' And you shall therefore live ;
' Receive with pleasure every pledge,
' My power and love can give.
3. We own the promise, Prince of Grace,
Though earthly helpers die ;
And animate our fainting hearts,
While Christ our Friend is nigh.
4. The king of fears can do no more,
Than stop our mortal breath ;
But Jesus gives a nobler life,
That cannot yield to death.

239 C. M. *Of Needful Supplies.* DODDRIDGE.

MY God, how cheerful is the sound !
How pleasant to repeat !
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fixed his seat.

2. What want shall not our God supply,
From his redundant stores ?
What streams of mercy from on high,
An arm almighty pours.
3. From Christ, the ever-living Spring,
These ample blessings flow :
Prepare, my lips, His name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.

PRAYER.

4. Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.
- 240 C. M. *God Faithful to his Promises.* WATTS.
ENGRAVED, as in eternal brass,
The mighty Promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
2. HE that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks—and that almighty breath
Fulfil's his great decrees.
3. His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
-

PRAYER.

- 241 C. M. *Nature and Importance of Prayer.*
BEDDOME.

- PRAYER** is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
2. The christian's life with prayer concludes,
And does with it begin ;
'Tis this invigorates the soul,
And is the death of sin.
- v

PRAYER.

3. It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.
4. When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
5. The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

242

L. M. *The same.*

COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

243

L. M. *God heareth Prayer.*

WHEN life's refreshing wells are dry,
And the faint soul is spent with care,
To Faith's eternal fountain fly,—
There is a God who heareth prayer.

PRAYER.

2. When virtue's path is hard and steep,
And vice alluring seems, and fair,
What shall thy soul in safety keep ?—
Is there not God, who heareth prayer ?
3. If life's brief volume, closing fast,
Tells but of sins recorded there,
Oh ! who can say that for the past,
God will yet hear and answer prayer ?
4. Yes ! he will hear—though steeped in guilt,
If to the Cross thy soul repair,
Christ's precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Propitiates Him that heareth prayer.
5. Cleansed by his word from carnal stains,
'Twill hope the joys of heaven to share ;
Where praise shall swell the endless strain,
And crown the Christian's granted prayer.

244

C. M. *Unutterable Prayer.*

- SWEET is the prayer, whose holy stream,
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer grows :—
2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze,
And love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
 3. But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear ;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear ;—

PRAYER.

4. Deep in the Bethel of the heart,
Unearthly feelings throb;
They cannot into language start —
Their only vent, a sob.
5. No accents flow, no words ascend,
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

245 S. M. *Persevering Prayer*. NEWTON altered.

- B**EHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows his cheering face,
And waits to answer prayer.
2. That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
 3. Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
 4. My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe;
Whate'er we ask, in God's own way,
We surely shall receive.
 5. Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent;
To fervent, persevering prayer,
He'll every blessing grant.

PRAYER.

246 C. M. *Wrestling Prayer.* WESLEY.

LONG as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O Lord, our souls on Thee we cast,
 In never-ceasing prayer.

2. The Spirit of interceding grace,
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
3. Till thou thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou Thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of every heart,
 ' I will not let thee go.'
4. I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me ;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all to thee.
5. Then let me, on the mountain top,
 Behold thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And prayer in endless praise !

247 C. M. *Access to God only through the Blood
 of Christ.* BROWNE.

HOW shall I dare approach the Lord,
 And bow before his throne ?
 Or how procure his kind regard,
 And for my guilt atone ?

2. Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend ?
 Will these my earnest wish succeed,
 And make my God, my Friend ?

PRAYER.

3. Ah! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all,
Such victims bleed in vain :
No fatlings, from the field or stall,
Such favour can obtain.
4. None, but a dying Saviour's blood,
Can all thy guilt remove :
This plead, my soul, before thy God,
And sing redeeming love.

248 L. M. *Holy Boldness.* BEDDOME.

- S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God !
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears !
2. The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign !
Doth with refulgent brightness shine ;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.
 3. Let me my grateful homage pay,
With courage sing, with fervour pray ;
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
 4. Thy Son, who on the accursed tree
Expired, to set the vilest free ;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in His name.

249 C. M. *Prayer for the Divine Presence.* KELLY.

LORD, we esteem the favour great,
And give the praise to thee,
That we can thus together meet,
And none to make us flee.

PRAYER

2. But all our meetings barren prove,
Except Thou show thy face ;
Come then, dear Saviour, from above,
And consecrate this place.
3. O let the visits of thy love
The purest joys impart !
Let all our deadness now remove,
And zeal fill every heart !
4. Lord, let thy people's light so shine,
That all the world may see,
And own its origin divine,
And give the praise to Thee.

250 C. M. *For an Increase of Faith.* CERNICK.

HAIL, First and Last, thou great I AM !
In whom we live and move ;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

2. O let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasured in our breast ;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.
3. Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace ;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold Thy face.

251 L. M. *For All-sufficient Grace.*

ALTHOUGH temptations threaten round,
And feeble as the moth I'm found ;
'Midst greatest dangers let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

FOR VARIOUS BLESSINGS.

2. And when my faith is like to fail,
And doubts and darkness most prevail;
Hold thou me up, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
3. When (heaven forgot) my foolish heart
In this vain world would choose its part;
Call back the wanderer, Lord, to thee,
And let thy grace my safety be.
4. When warring passions vex me sore,
And I dare trust myself no more :
Thy strength my stay in weakness be,
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
5. And when through death's dark vale I go,
O let me then thy guidance know ;
Then comfort send, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

252

L. M. *For Guidance.*

- O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
2. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;
No foes nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
 3. Saviour ! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

PRAYER.

4. If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

253 7s. *For Humility.* MONTGOMERY.

- L**ORD, for ever at thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
2. Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.
3. Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.
4. Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

(See also Hymn 260.)

254 C. M. *For Love and Unity.*

- G**IVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek loving Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
Fit us for thine abode.
2. Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

FOR VARIOUS BLESSINGS.

3. O let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus the crucified !
What hast Thou done our hearts to gain ?—
Languished, and groaned, and died.
4. Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesus' footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of Charity divine ?
5. O let us find the ancient way,
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the world around to say,
“ See how these Christians love !”

255

C. M. *For Pardon.*

C. WESLEY.

- COME, Lord, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds, which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.
2. Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb ;
Array me in salvation's vest,
Declare to me thy name.
 3. Jehovah in thy person show,
A Saviour crucified ;
And then the Pardoning God I know,
And feel his blood applied.
 4. I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

PRAYER

256

L. M. *For Patience.*

WESLEY.

- J**ESUS, the weary wanderer's Rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
2. Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
 3. Be Thou, O God of patience, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
 4. Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

257

S. M. *For Repentance.*

WESLEY.

- O** THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart!
2. A heart with grief opprest,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood!
 3. Jesus! on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo,
My aching breast inspire.

FOR VARIOUS BLESSINGS.

4. With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down ;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone !

258

L. M. *For Resignation.*

- O GOD ! to thee we raise our eyes ;
Calm resignation we implore ;
Oh let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore !
2. With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;
Nor think our trials too severe :
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.
3. Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair ;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.
4. There faith unveils a brighter scene,
Where all life's painful conflicts cease,
Where no dark clouds shall intervene,
No sorrows e'er disturb our peace.

259

C. M. *The same.*

STEELE.

- FATHER whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
2. ' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
' From every murmur free,
' The blessings of thy grace impart,
' And let me live to Thee.

PRAYER

3. ' Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
' My path of life attend ;
' Thy presence through my journey shine,
' And crown my journey's end.'

260

7a. *For Simplicity.*

WESLEY.

LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity:
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.

2. Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my worldly pride :
To thy sovereign will submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet.
3. Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child,
Let me see but in thy sight,
Let me walk but in thy might.
4. Fill me with thy heavenly grace,
God of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine impart,
Life eternal to my heart !

(See also, Hymn 253.)

261

C. M. *For Support in Trouble.*

STEELE.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

FOR VARIOUS BLESSINGS.

3. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
4. No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there !

262

S. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

- W**HEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
2. O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head ;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
 3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide :
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.
 4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name :
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

263

C. M. *For Zeal.*

WATTS.

DO I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true ;
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

PRAYER

2. Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
3. If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God.
4. Thus, when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace ;
They cast their honours at Thy feet,
And own their borrowed rays.

264 C. M. *For Spiritual, in preference to Worldly,*
Blessings. Mrs. ROWE.

TO Thee O God ! my prayer ascends,
But not for golden stores ;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores ;—

2. Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name :
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame ;—
3. Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,
My fond desires allure ;
But nobler things than these from Thee,
My wishes would secure.
4. The faith and hope of things unseen,
My best affections move ;
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love ;—

FOR THE CHURCH.

5. *These* are the blessings I desire ;
Lord, be these blessings mine—
And all the glories of the world,
I cheerfully resign.

265 L. M. *For the Church's Protection and Prosperity.* KELLY.

- JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy ' little flock ' in safety keep,
The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which thy life was given.
2. O guard them from the beasts of prey,
And keep them, that they never stray ;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
3. Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream ;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
4. Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete ;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

266 L. M. *The same.* GIBBONS.

- IN Thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
2. We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne, with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

PRAYER

3. Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old ;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
4. Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heavenly day ;
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

267 L. M. *For Her Prosperity and Revival.*

KINGSBURY.

GREAT Lord of all the churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer ;
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies !

2. Revive thy churches with thy grace ;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace ;
Raise us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
3. May young and old thy word receive ;
Dead sinners hear thy word and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
4. May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness ;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise !
5. Thus, we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope, that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

FOR THE CHURCH.

268

C. M. *For a Revival.*

KELLY.

- ‘**BY** whom shall Jacob now arise ?’
For Jacob’s friends are few ;
And (what may fill us with surprise)
They seem divided too.
2. ‘By whom shall Jacob now arise ?’
For Jacob’s foes are strong ;
I read their triumph in their eyes,
They think he’ll fail ere long.
3. ‘By whom shall Jacob now arise ?’
Can any tell by whom ?
Say, shall this branch that withered lies,
Again revive and bloom ?
4. Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine :
The help of man is vain :
On Jacob now arise and shine,
And he shall live again.

269

L. M. *The same.*

DODDRIDGE.

- B**LEST be that hand, which from the skies
Brought down a plant of paradise ;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.
2. But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine no more ?
Where are its balmy odours fled ?
And why reclines its beauteous head ?
3. Too plain, alas ! the languor shows
The unkindly soil in which it grows ;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

PRAYER

4. Unchanging Sun ! thy beams display,
To drive the frost and storms away ;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
5. And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below ;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

270 L. M. *For the Church, when Dangers threaten.*

DODDRIDGE.

- G**OD of the ocean ! at whose voice
The threatening floods are heard no more,
Behold their madness and their noise,
And silence the tumultuous roar.
2. Here streams of poisonous error swell ;
There rages vice in every form ;
They join their tide, led on by hell,
And Zion trembles at the storm.
 3. Almighty Spirit, rouse thine arm,
And lift the Saviour's standard high ;
Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,
And call thy chosen legions nigh.
 4. Waked by thy well-known voice, they come,
And round the sacred banner throng ;
Zion, prepare the Conqueror room,
While triumph bursts into a song.
 5. The Lord on high, when billows roar,
Superior majesty displays,
And, by one breath of sovereign power,
Hushes the noise of foaming seas.

FOR THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

271 C. M. *For the Spread of the Gospel.* GIBBONS.

LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2. Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.
3. True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.
4. Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.
5. Lord, for those days we wait;—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold!

272 8. 7. 4. *The same.* WILLIAMS.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze!
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee!

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2. Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,

PRAYER

That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary!

Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4. Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

273 8. 7. 4. *For the Extension of the Redeemer's
Conquests.*

GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy car!

Prosper in thy course, triumphant,
All success attend thy war:
Gracious Victor!

Bring thy trophies from afar.

2. Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To ensure thy blessed conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Decked in robes of purest light.

3. Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign;

FOR THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain ;
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign !

274

C. M. *The same.*

STENNETT.

JESUS! who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on :
Extend the triumphs of thy Cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.

2. O Captain of salvation ! make
Thy power and mercy known ;
Till crowds of willing converts come,
And worship at thy throne.

275

L. M. *For the Universal Reign of Christ.*

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control ;—

2. So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come ;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall at its brightness, flee away,—
The dawn of an eternal day.
3. Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law ;
And Antichrists, on every shore,
Fall from their thrones, to rise no more.
4. Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion at thy feet ;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.

PRAYER

5. O that from Britain now may shine,
This heavenly light, this truth divine !
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

276 L. M. *For the Conversion of the Jews.*

VOKE.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead
Thy chosen flock the desert through,
And from between the Cherubim
Thy mercy and thy favour show.

2. And though their sins provoked thee oft,
To give them to their foes a prey,
Yet didst thou, for thy mercies' sake,
As often turn thy wrath away.
3. But ah ! they filled the measure up,
Of all their aggravated guilt,
When on the hill of Calvary
The blood of thine own Son they spilt.
4. And now for ages they have been
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;
Wandering through all the earth, as those
In whom thou hast no more delight.
5. Yet is thy word of promise sure,
That they shall be again restored,
And with the Gentile church unite,
To worship and to serve the Lord.
6. Our faith in expectation waits,
To see that glorious morning rise,
O bid the shadows flee away,
And satisfy our longing eyes.

FOR MISSIONARIES.

277

S. M. *The same.*

WESLEY.

MESSIAH, full of grace,

Redeemed by thee, we plead
The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

2. Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear ;
Cut off and lost their faintest hope
To see thy kingdom here .
3. Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true Anointed One !
4. To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display !
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day !

278

7s. *For the Increase of Missionaries.* KELLY.

KING of Zion, give the order ;

Send thy light and truth abroad :
O let Zion stretch her border ;
Zion, favoured of her God.

2. Thou can'st form the zealous preacher ;
Thou can'st light and love impart :
Send thy word to every creature ;
Send it to the sinner's heart,
3. O let many now be ready,
To go forth at thy command :
Men of faith approved, and steady,
Leaving all at thy command.

PRAYER

4. Send thy truth to every region ;
Let the distant people hear :
Let them turn from false religion,
And to truth alone give ear.
5. Thou art God : who would not fear thee—
Who that knows thy glorious power ?
O that all the world may hear thee ;
And be slaves of sin no more !

279

L. M. *The same.*

VOKE.

- L**ORD of the harvest, hear our prayer !
Send forth thy labourers to the field ;
Appoint them where to cast the seed,
And an abundant increase yield.
2. Prepare them for the blest employ,
By gifts of nature and of grace ;
And let an energy divine
Denote the smilings of thy face.
 3. Prepare the people to receive
The sacred message they convey ;
And by thy all-sufficient power,
Revive the apostolic day.
 4. O may an unction from above
Accompany the word they preach,
And make it mighty in thine hand,
The hearts of multitudes to reach !
 5. So shall thy promise be fulfilled,
The great Redeemer's triumphs spread ;
And every nation under heaven,
Acknowledge Him their vital Head.

FOR MINISTERS.

280

L. M. *For Ministers.*

BEDDOME.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our fervent prayer ;
Our pastors, who thy work attend,
We to thy care and grace commend.

2. Clothe, Lord, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
3. Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.
4. Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains ;
Let light through distant lands be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

281

C. M. *The same.*

NEWTON.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee !

2. With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will :
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
3. Enflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

PRAISE TO GOD.

3. Thou, Lord, art Light : thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows ;
To my dark soul thy light display,
The brightness of thy face disclose.
4. Thou, Lord, art Love : from thee pure love
Flows forth in unexhausted streams ;
Let me its quickening virtue prove,
O fill my heart with sacred flames.
5. Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone :
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in every thought aspire.
6. So shall my every power to Thee,
In love and endless praises rise ;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever living sacrifice.

286

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

- I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
2. Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.
 3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

PRAISE TO GOD.

287

L. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

WIDE as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's praise be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

2. Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word ;
O may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
3. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord !

288

S. 7. *Universal Praise.*

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue ;
Join my soul ! with every creature,
Join the Universal song.

2. Father ! Source of all compassion !
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.
3. For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound JEHOVAH'S praise on high.
4. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAISE TO GOD

289 C. M. *Everlasting Praise.* STEELE.

MY God! my King! to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my powers;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.

2. Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.

290 7s. *The same.*

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2. Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
3. While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise,
Songs of everlasting praise.

291 S. M. *Imperfection of Human Praise.* EDMESTON.

SWEET is the song of praise!
Though all that mortals know,
The sweetest notes that they can raise
Are faint and poor and low.

2. The hymn from tongues of clay
Has scarce a heavenly tone;

FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

Earth steals the truant heart away,
And claims it for her own.

3. The seraph's tongue of fire
Has music more sublime ;
Notes of eternity are higher
Than all the notes of time.
4. But years flow swiftly by ;
Our stay will not be long :
Soon we shall pass to realms on high,
And join the eternal song.

292 C. M. *Praise for Divine Goodness.* STEELE.

YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2. All nature owns his guardian care,
In Him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare,
The wonders of his love.
3. He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.
4. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
5. Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

PRAISE TO GOD

293

C. M. *The same.*

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardour fired !

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness passeth thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought !
4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son, our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
5. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

(See also Hymns 44, 45.)

294 C. M. *For the Blessings of Salvation.* WATTS.

TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2. He spake the word to Abr'am first ;
His truth fulfils the grace :
The gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

3. Let the whole world his love proclaim,
With all their different tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs.

295

7s. *The same.*

COWPER.

- I** WILL praise Thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away ;
Comfortable thoughts arise,
From the bleeding sacrifice.
2. Here in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more,
3. Jesus is become, at length,
My Salvation and my Strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
4. Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame ;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.
5. Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round !
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

296

S. M. *For Adopting Grace.* DODDRIDGE.

- N**OW to that sovereign grace,
Whence all our comforts spring,
Let the whole new-begotten race,
Their cheerful praises bring.

PRAISE TO GOD

2. His will first made the choice :
His word the change hath wrought ;
In Him, our Father, we rejoice,
Nor be the name forgot.
3. Lord, may this matchless love,
Which thy own children see,
Make us, from all thy creatures, prove,
As the first fruits to Thee.
4. Sacred to thee alone,
Be all these powers of mine ;
Then, in the noblest sense my own,
When most entirely Thine !

297 C. M. *For a good Hope.* BEGINBOTHAM.

- THANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love,
Whence all those comforts flow.
2. For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
 3. Transporting Hope ! still on my soul,
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal, and divine.

298 S. M. *For Providential Mercies.*

HOW various and how great
The mercies of the Lord ;
Awake, awake, our tuneful powers,
His mercies to record.

FOR TEMPORAL MERCIES.

2. Thy bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We bless thy providential hand,
Which showers its blessings down.
3. Accept our humble praise;
O hearken from above!
And bring us near to taste thy grace,
And sing redeeming love.
4. Thy special love reveal;
Our reigning sins subdue:
Create in us a holy will,
To pay the worship due.
5. In every stage of life,
Thy gracious aid display;
And with the bonds of love divine,
Preserve us in thy way.

299.

C. M. *The same.*

ADDISON.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Oh how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptured heart—
But Thou canst read it there.
 3. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

PRAISE TO GOD.

303 L. M. *For Deliverance from Trouble.* WATTS.

- I'**LL sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word :
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.
2. To God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me; and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
3. Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
4. Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins ;
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

304 L. M. *For National Peace.* STEELE.

- G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
2. When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds in dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain,—
3. That word which stills the raging seas,
When the loud waves tempestuous roar,
Commands the warring world to peace ;
And noise and tumult are no more.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

4. Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
5. To Thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore!

305 C. M. *Praise to the REDEEMER.* STRELE.

- T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may His love, (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
2. His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
 3. Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy:
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.
 4. Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this!
 5. Lord, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song!

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

16

L. M. *The same.* HEBIBOTHOM.

COME, let us join a song of praise,
To Jesus our exalted King;
Let angels hear the notes we raise,
And strike their golden harps and sing.

2. Sing how he left the heavenly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside;
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And toiled, and suffered, wept and died.
3. Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent spirits soar;
See where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the hosts of heaven adore.
4. Hail, mighty Prince! thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph, are complete:
To Thee the ransomed myriads bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.

307

8. 7. 4. *The same.*

KELLY.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeemed our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed his people thus.

2. His is love—yea love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinners' Friend.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

3. While we hear the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we 'Everlasting glory
 'Be to God, and to the Lamb.'
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to His name.

308

L. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

- N**OW to the Lord, who makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above !
2. 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed us in his richest blood ;
 'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.
3. To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue His glory sing.

309

C. M. *Seamen exhorted to praise Christ.*

- Y**E British Seamen, praise the Lord ;
 To you the work belongs ;
 For God invites you by his word,
 To raise your Gospel songs.
2. Rejoice in His redeeming love,
 His wondrous mercy tell ;
 How Christ descended from above,
 To save your souls from hell.
3. Let the sweet praises of His name
 Resound from pole to pole ;

PRAISE TO CHRIST

To every shore His grace proclaim,
As far as billows roll.

4. At every time, in every place,
The glorious theme pursue ;
And long to praise him face to face,
In anthems ever new.

310 C. M. *Worthy the Lamb.* WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. ' Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
' To be exalted thus :'
' Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
' For He was slain for us.'

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

311 L. M. *The same.* WATTS.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?

2. Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of peace, that groaned and died ;

AND THE TRINITY.

Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.

3. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

312 L. M. *Praise to the TRINITY.* WATTS.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2. Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
3. We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore !

313 C. M. *The same.* WESLEY.

HAIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2. One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim :

THE CHRISTIAN,

Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3. Thee, Holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, Holy Son, adore ;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.
4. Three Persons equally divine,
We magnify and love ;
And saints and angels soon shall join,
To sing Thy praise above.

(See also DOXOLOGIES.)

THE CHRISTIAN.

314 L. M. *His Character.* WATTS.

WHO shall ascend the heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before Thy face ?—
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean :
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
3. He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that *justice* should be sold :
While others scorn and grind the poor,
Sweet Charity attends his door.
4. He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;

HIS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

5. Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on *grace* alone ;—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

315 L. M. *Characters and Blessedness.* WATTS.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty :
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2. Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
3. Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
4. Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
5. Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
6. Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

THE CHRISTIAN,

5. Happy Christian ! upwards fly !
Rise ! the kingdom now is nigh :
Fill thy place before the throne—
Place which God hath made thine own.

319 C. M. *His Protection and Safety.* WATTN.

- UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.
2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
3. Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

320 8. 7. 4. *The same.*

- DIVINELY sheltered, on life's ocean,
We its fiercest storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before him fly.
2. Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And, with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

HIS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

3. Oh ! what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is, that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

321

C. M. *The same.*

TIMMS.

- WHAT troubles can *their* hearts o'erwhelm,
Who view a Saviour near ?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm ;
Whose voice forbids their fear ?
2. Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink ;
Their anchor fastens in the skies ;
Their bark no storm can sink.
3. God is their Joy and Portion still,
When earthly good retires ;
He shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When earth itself expires.

322

7a. *His Safety, in times of National Trouble.*

NEWTON.

- SEE the gloomy gathering cloud,
Hanging o'er a guilty land !
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand :
Happy they who love His name !
They shall always find him near ;
Though the earth were wrapt in flame,
They have no just cause for fear.
2. Hark ! his voice in accents mild,
(O how comforting and sweet !)

THE CHRISTIAN,

Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a sure retreat !
“ Come, and in my chambers hide,
To my saints of old well known ;
There you safely may abide,
Till the storm be overblown.”

3. Sinners, see the Ark prepared !
Haste to enter while there's room ;
Though the Lord his arm has bared,
Mercy still retards your doom :
Seek Him, while there yet is hope,
Ere the day of grace be past,
Lest in wrath he give you up,
And this call should prove your last.

323 C. M. *Blessedness of the Godly.*

HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
From Godliness which flow !
Nor men nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show.

2. Ten thousand comforts it procures,
To Christians, while on earth ;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.
3. God for himself hath set apart
The Godly, whom he loves :
They have a place within his heart,
Their conduct he approves.
4. A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
Christ will on such bestow ;
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,
The fruits of glory grow.

HIS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

324 7s. *Dignity and Privilege of the Christian.* C. WESLEY.

WHO is as the Christian great !
Bought and washed with sacred blood ;
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

2. Who is as the Christian wise !
He his nought for all hath given ;
Bought the Pearl of greater price,
Nobly bartered earth for heaven.
3. Who is as the Christian blest !
He hath found the long-sought Stone ;
He is joined to Christ, his Rest,
He and happiness are one.
4. Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.
5. Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

325 L. M. *The same.* COWPER.

HONOUR and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise !
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days !

2. Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face ;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth,
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.
4. The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above ;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love !
5. My soul is ravished at the thought !
Methinks from earth I see him rise !
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

326

L. M. *Adherence to Christ.* STEELE.

- THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
2. Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
 3. Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
 4. Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair !

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

5. Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

327 S. M. *Confession and Pardon.* WATTS.

- O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
2. They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
3. While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound ;
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found .
4. Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne :
Our help in time of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

328 S. S. 6. *Confidence.* WESLEY.

- RESTING in thine almighty power,
Thy name, O Jesus, is a Tower,
That hides my life above :
Thou canst, thou wilt my Helper be ;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.
2. Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I cheerfully commend ;

THE CHRISTIAN.

Assured that Thou through life shalt save,
And show thyself, beyond the grave,
My everlasting Friend.

(See also Hymn 119.)

329

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2. Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

330

C. M. *Conflict.*

WATTS.

WHAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2. Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

3. So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise ;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.
4. Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace ;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

331 C. M. *Conflict and Pilgrimage.* GIBBORNE.

- A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To re-commencing strife ;
A Pilgrim's, restless as the sun,—
Behold the Christian's life !
2. The hosts of Satan pant for spoil—
How can our warfare close ?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil—
How can we hope repose ?
 3. O let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore ;
The land where pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more ;
 4. Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane ;—
 5. Where they who meet shall never part,
Where grace achieves its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man !

THE CHRISTIAN,

332

L. M. *Contentment.*

BEDDOME.

MY God and Father, ever blest,
Enriching all, of all posscest,
By whom the whole creation's fed ;
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

2. To Thee my very life I owe ;
From Thee do all my comforts flow ;
And every blessing which I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
3. Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty food, nor rich attire ;
Content with little would I be ;
That little, Lord, must come from Thee.
4. While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more ;
With Agur's wish* I'm satisfied,
Nor grudge them all the world beside.

333

C. M. *Courage.*

WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2. Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
3. Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

* Prov. xxx. 7—9.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

4. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be mine.

334 C. M. *The same, or Taking up the Cross.*

NEEDHAM.

ASHAMED of Christ!—my soul disdain
The mean ungenerous thought :
Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought ?

2. With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came ;
For us endured the painful cross—
For us despised the shame.
3. At HIS command we must take up
Our cross, without delay !
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
Can ne'er his love repay.
4. To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honour this !
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
5. But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly—
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

335

L. M. *Dedication.*

TOPLADY.

EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but Thee ;
Reserved for Christ, that bled and died,—
Surrendered to the Crucified.

THE CHRISTIAN,

2. Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life ;
Prepared for Heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.
3. Nothing, save Jesus, would I know !
My Friend, and my Companion, Thou :
Lord, take my heart, assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.
4. Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear Thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.
5. Larger communion let me prove
With Thee, blest object of my love !
But oh ! for this no power have I ;—
My strength is at *THY* feet to lie.

336

C. M. *Faith.*

WATTS.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2. It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home ;
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
3. By faith we know the worlds were made,
By God's almighty Word ;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

4. He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands :
And Faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

337 S. M. *The same.* BEDDOME.

FAITH !—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed !
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God !

2. Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning Priest :
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3. To Him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4. Since 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

338 L. M. *Walking by Faith.* WATTS.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence ;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2. Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers, and the night.
4. Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still we must lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

339 L. M. *Faith the Way to Salvation.* DODDRIDGE.

- A**ND is salvation brought so near,
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky.
2. I ask not who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come?
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.
 3. From heaven on wings of love he flew,
And Conqueror from the tomb he sprung:
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.
 4. I sing salvation brought so near,
No more on earth expiring lie;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

340 C. M. *Triumph of Faith.*

YE saints, that bow at Jesus feet,
In heart and tongue the same,
Hosannas sing, in concord sweet,
To our atoning Lamb!

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

2. When earth and heaven in liquid flame,
Shall melt and burn to dross,
O'er all that ruin shall remain
The standard of the Cross.
3. There shall the radiant armies flock,
Whom Jesus calls his own ;
Nor tremble at the mighty shock
That hurls creation down.
4. Firm as the everlasting hills,
Remains the sinner's Friend ;
The Faith, which now our bosom fills,
Shall there in glory end.

341 L. M. *Hardness of Heart lamented.* WESLEY.

LORD ! shed a beam of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away ;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt !
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To move this stupid heart of mine.
4. But ONE can yet perform the deed ;
That *One* is all the grace I need ;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

THE CHRISTIAN,

5. Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul ;
On me let streams of mercy roll :
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

342 L. M. *Hatred of Sin.* COWPER.

- H**OLY Lord God ! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
2. But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait !
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
3. Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell ;
One sin unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
4. But oh ! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head :
One view of Jesus as He is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

Holiness desired. Hymn 71.

343 C. M. *Hope.* COOMBS.

- I**N all my troubles, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.
2. His comforts bear my spirits up ;
I trust a faithful God :

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3. Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name !
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

344 L. M. *Hope in Darkness.* STEELE.

O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, and cheer, and guide my heart;
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlightening beams depart !

2. Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes ;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise ?—
3. O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky ;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
4. O for the bright, the joyful day,
When Hope shall in fruition die !
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

345 C. M. *Hope encouraged.* BEDDOME.

WHY, O my soul, with cares opprest,
Indulge thyself in grief ?
Will not thy gracious Father's word
Afford some kind relief ?

2. His acts may change, but not his heart,—
He loves, even when he frowns ;

THE CHRISTIAN,

And by affliction's heaviest strokes,
Trains for immortal crowns.

3. Withdrawn awhile, he'll yet return,
And chase away thy fears :
Thus midnight clouds and mists are gone,
When morning light appears.

346 C. M. *Hope and Trust.* DODDRIDGE.

JEHOVAH ! 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight ;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

2. What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers ?
Nor time nor death can break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours .
3. My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off, like dust ;
Well may I trust my all with Him,
With whom my soul I trust.

347 C. M. *Assurance of Hope.* WATTS.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Trust ;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep :
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
3. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast ;

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

In the dear bosom of His love
They must for ever rest.

348

C. M. *Humility.*

BEDDOME.

THE humble soul is God's abode,
Where He delights to dwell ;
To such he comfort will afford,
His love and truth reveal.

2. In times of danger and distress,
He'll be their strong Defence ;
Nothing can hurt them at his feet,
And nought can drive them thence.
3. Thus streams descending from the hills,
Enrich the vales below ;
Thus oaks before the tempest fall,
While tender osiers bow.

(See Hymn 253.)

349

C. M. *Humility and Submission.* WATTS.

IS there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

2. I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild :
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
3. The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN,

350

C. M. *The same.* MADAME GUIOT

AH, vainly anxious!—leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose;
Sweet is the mandate of His word,
And gracious all he does.

2. He draws from human littleness,
His grandeur and renown;
And humble hearts with joy confess,
The triumph all his own.
3. Down, then with self-exalting thoughts,
Thy faith and hope employ,
To welcome all that He allots,
Or suffer shame with joy.

351 L. M. *Humble souls encouraged.* STEEL

YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.

2. In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain, they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours!
3. A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.
4. There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise,
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

352

L. M. *Humility Honoured.*

WATTS.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee :
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2. This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
3. The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows :
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
4. Dear Father, let me never be
Joined with the boasting pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

353

C. M. *Joy.*

NEWTON.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2. But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
3. A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

THE CHRISTIAN

4. These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
5. No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

(See Hymn 359.)

354 S. M. *Heavenly Joy on earth.* WATTS.

- COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
 3. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas ;
 4. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
 5. There we shall see his face,
And never never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

6. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

355 C. M. *Longing for Heavenly Joy.* STEELE.

HOW vain a thought is bliss below,
'Tis all an airy dream :
How empty are the joys that flow,
On pleasure's smiling stream !

2. O let my nobler wishes soar,
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heaven substantial bliss explore
And permanent delight !
3. Here pleasure flows for ever clear !
And, rising to the view,
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
As fancy never drew.
4. No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

356 C. M. *Hidden Life.* BEDDOME.

LET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense ;
'Tis Christ *our* inmost thoughts employs ;
We draw our comforts thence.

2. With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here ;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. 'Tis now concealed and lodged secure,
In God's eternal Son ;
From age to age shall it endure,
Though to the world unknown.
4. Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from Thee,
'Tis fit that where the Head resides,
The members too should be.

357

C. M. *Love to God.*

WATTS.

- H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
2. Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
 3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
 4. This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
 5. Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

358

L. M. *The same.*

TURNER.

YES, I would love thee, blessed God !
Paternal goodness marks thy name !
Thy praises, through thy high abode,
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

2. Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed, and die :
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on Him rely.
3. In Him thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see ;
And feel thy powerful wondrous grace,
Draw and unite my soul to Thee.
4. Whene'er my foolish wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there, to stray no more.

359

C. M. *Perfect Love.*

YES, perfect love is perfect bliss,
Proof rises all around ;
Nor shall felicity but this,
In earth or heaven be found.

2. This is the joy of joy I know,
That can delight impart ;
Warm, as the ruby tides that flow
Incessant from my heart.
3. This is the joy that angels feel,
Where harps celestial move ;
And the fierce anguish known in hell,
Is perfect want of love !

THE CHRISTIAN,

4. Say—is not this the dazzling light
That decks the seraph's crown !
What is perdition's tenfold night,
But Love's eternal frown !

360 C. M. *Religion vain without Love.*

- COULD I with eloquence proceed,
Transcending human tongue ;
And could I sing, in strains more sweet
Than ever angels sung :
2. And did not Charity inspire,
And raise herself my voice ;
My flowing verse were empty sound,
My eloquence were noise.
3. 'Tis Love which plumes the wings of hope,
And bids her strength exert ;
Which brings our faith from sound to things
From fancy to the heart.
4. A time shall come, when constant faith
And patient hope shall die ;
One lost in certainty of sight,
And one dissolved in joy :
5. But Love shall last, when these no more
Shall warm the pilgrim's breast,
Or open on his dying eyes
His long expected rest.
6. Love's unextinguished ray shall burn
Through death, unchanged its frame :
Its lamp shall triumph o'er the grave,
With uncorrupted flame.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

361

8s. *Love to Christ.*

FRANCIS.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout His adorable name :
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2. He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light ;
With saints, and with seraphs to sing ;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
3. My glorious Redeemer ! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd :
Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love !

362

C. M. *The same.*

TOPLADY.

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
The One thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity :
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2. 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around
And glory rests on all the ground.
3. For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore :
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love !

367

C. M. *The same.*

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the si

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

- When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart ;—
3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love ;—
4. When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows ;
And union sweet, with dear esteem,
In every action glows !
5. Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.
- 368 C. M. *Love to the Word of God.* WATTS.
- O HOW I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
2. My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
3. How does thy word my heart engage,
How well employ my tongue !
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.
4. No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

THE CHRISTIAN,

5. When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars, to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

369

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS

- L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage ;
There shalt my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
2. I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
4. The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

370

L. M. *The same.*

KELLY.

- I** LOVE the sacred book of God ;
No other can its place supply :
It points me to the saints' abode ;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
2. Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord :
From thy instructive page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

3. In thee I read my title clear,
To mansions that will ne'er decay,
My Lord ! O when will He appear,
And bear his prisoner far away !
4. Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then concealed :
When I have reached the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand revealed.

371 C. M. *Love to Holiness and Truth.* WATTS.

THOU art my Portion, O my God :
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth,
Could make me so rejoice.
3. The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
4. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord ;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.
5. Thou hast inclined this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

THE CHRISTIAN,

372

L. M. *Meekness.*

SCOTT.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray ;
And calm as regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day !

2. That heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful home invade ;
He rests beneath the almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
3. Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

373

L. M. *Obedience.*

DODDRIDGE.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2. What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end !
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
3. I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.
4. 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;
To Him who for my ransom died ;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

5. His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more ;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

374

L. M. *Patience.*

GIBBONS.

PATIENCE ! O 'tis a grace divine,
Sent from the God of power and love,
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2. By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
3. O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shore of endless rest.
4. Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die,
And patience in possession end,
In the bright world of bliss on high.

375

C. M. *Peace.*

DODDRIDGE.

- U**NITE, my roving thoughts ! unite
In silence soft and sweet ;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
2. Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;
For lo ! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my Friend.

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey ;
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
4. By all its joys I charge my heart,
To grieve His love no more ;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

376

S. M. *Penitence.*

BEDDOME.

- THE Penitent in tears,
Behind her Saviour stood ;
She washed his feet, and with her hair,
Wiped off the briny flood.
2. Expressive of her love,
She then the ointment pours,
Upon his dear majestic head,
And silently adores.
 3. Lo, though the scene is changed,
And Jesus reigns on high,
His tender pity is the same,
And faith can bring us nigh.
 4. Oh ! may our grief for sin,
But undissembled prove :
Then, like the penitent of old,
Our hearts shall melt with love.

377

L. M. *Pilgrimage.*

PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road ;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

2. Oft have we seen the tempest rise ;
The world and Satan, hell and sin,
Like mountains, seemed to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of hope between.
3. But still, as oft as troubles come,
Our Saviour sends some cheering ray ;
And that strong arm shall guard us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.

378

C. M. *The same.*

BARBAULD.

- O**UR country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promised soil ;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While pilgrims here we toil.
2. Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise ;
And nought but sin our fears.
 3. We tread the path our Master trod ;
We bear the cross He bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.
 4. Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love :
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.
 5. We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

THE CHRISTIAN,

379

8. 7. *The same.*

SWAIN.

- T**HUS far on our way to Zion,
We, through grace divine are come :
And the Friend whom we rely on,
Soon will bid us welcome home.
2. Grace and truth our steps attending,
Safe we still shall walk along,
Till, our destined journey ending,
Truth and grace shall be our song.
3. Then these eyes, which now with sadness
Oft in transient clouds appear,
Shall be decked with beams of gladness,
Never more to shed a tear.
4. Then these hearts, which now so often,
Not the sharpest threats can move,
Nor the sweetest words can soften,
Shall be all dissolved in love.

(See also, *Conflict and Pilgrimage*, Hymn 331.)

380

C. M. *Race.*

DODDRIDGE.

- A**WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
3. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

1. Blest Saviour ! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

381 C. M. *Rejoicing in the Presence of Christ, or
Jehovah-Shammah.* Ezek. xlviii. 35. DAVID.

WHAT makes the Christian's heart rejoice,
Bound to the House of prayer ?
Because he hears the still small voice
Whisper—The Lord is there !

2. What gives the Christian's conscience ease,
When Satan sets a snare ?
'Tis faith producing inward peace,
As Christ the Lord is there !
3. What draws the Christian's soul from earth,
And makes it long to share
The glories of his heavenly birth ?
'Tis this—The Lord is there !
1. What cheers the Christian's dying breath,
And makes that breath a prayer,
When passing through the vale of death ?
He knows, The Lord is there !

382 C. M. *Repentance.* WATTS.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I ?

1. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! Grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

383

C. M. *Resignation.*

GREEN.

- I**T is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine ;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
2. It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And, of his bounties, may recal
Whatever part he please.
 3. It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from affliction raise,
Matter eternity to fill,
With ever-growing praise.
 4. It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be His name !
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.
 5. And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine ?
No, gracious God ! take what thou please—
To Thee I *all* resign.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

384

C. M. *The same.*

HERVEY.

SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways ?

2. Good when he gives, supremely good ;
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
3. Why should we doubt a Father's love,
Unmeasurably kind :
To His unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned .

385

L. M. *Resignation Reasonable.*

STEELE.

- 'T**IS wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingles blessings with our cares ;
And shall our thankless hearts repine,
That we obtain not all our prayers !
2. From diffidence our sorrows flow ;
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and wo,
And doubt if Providence be kind.
 3. Should God with every wish comply,
Say, would the grant relieve the care ?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
Might change its name, and prove a snare.
 4. Were once our vain desires subdued,
The will resigned, the heart at rest,
In every scene we should conclude,
The will of Heaven is right, is best.

THE CHRISTIAN,

386

L. M. *Resolution.*

STEELE.

- A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
2. May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
3. O be His service all my joy,
Around let my example shine ;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine !
4. Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice ;
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
5. O may I never faint or tire ;
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways !
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

387

C. M. *Submission.*

HAWES.

- S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to Thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod ;
I mourn, but not repine.
2. Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

3. How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross;
Away my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.
4. Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
For ever is the same.

388

C. M. *The same.*

EDMESTON.

O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
'There is no mercy here.'

2. Oh! grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
Succeeded by a frown.
3. Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see:
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

389

7s. *The same; or, Surrender.*

RYLAND.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2. Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief:

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Times the tempter's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Saviour's love
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
4. Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
Till He bids, I cannot die :
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.
5. O thou Gracious, Wise and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust :
Have I somewhat dearer still ?
I resign it to thy will.
6. May I always own thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand ;
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

390

L. M. *Temperance.*

W

- I**S it a man's divinest good,
To make his soul a slave to food ?
Vile as the beast, whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies.
2. Can meats, or choicest wines procure
Delights that ever shall endure ?
Was I not born above the swine ?
And shall I make their pleasures mine ?
 3. Was life designed alone to eat ?
What is the mouth, or what the meat ?
Both from the dust derive their birth,
And both shall mix with common earth

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

4. Great God ! new mould my sensual mind,
And let my joys be more refined :
Raise me to dwell among the blest,
And fit me for thy heavenly feast.

391

L. M. *Trust.*

STEELE.

- 'TIS God supports this fainting frame ;
On Him alone my hopes recline :
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !
2. Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !
Here let me trust, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
3. My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in times of need ;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
4. Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord !
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That Thou art mine—and I am blest.

392

C. M. *The same.*

BRADY & TATE.

- THE hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all,
Who make His name their trust.
2. O make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they
Who in his name confide.

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

(See also Hymn 346.)

393 L. M. *Walking with God.* WESLEY.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2. The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.
3. Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:
4. For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with sacred joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

394 L. M. *Warfare.* WATTS.

ARISE, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

HIS GRACES AND EXPERIENCE.

3. What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace,
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
4. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

395 C. M. *Watchfulness and Prayer.* STEELE.

- A**LAS ! what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah ! how vain ;
How strong my foes and fears !
 3. O gracious God ! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
 4. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
 5. O keep me in the heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN,

396

C. M. *Zeal.*

- I**F duty calls, and suffering too,
My Lord ! I'd follow thee ;
As Thou hast done, so would I do ;
As Thou art, would I be.
2. With zeal inflamed, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.
3. Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shine ;
O may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !
4. Depending on thy sovereign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road ;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

397 L. M. *Breathing after Heaven and Immortality.*
STEELE.

- S**AD prisoners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains opprest,
We groan the lingering hours away,
And wish, and long to be released.
2. Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless ardent sighs ;
For IMMORTALITY we groan,—
For robes and mansions in the skies.
3. Eternal mansions ! bright array !
O blest exchange ! transporting thought !
Free from the approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot !

HIS DYING PROSPECTS.

4. Bright world of bliss ! O could I see
One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray,
(Fair dawn of immortality !)
Break through these tottering walls of clay !
5. Jesus, in thy dear name I trust,
My Light, my Life, my Saviour-God :
When this frail house dissolves in dust,
O raise me to thy bright abode.

398

8s. *The same.*

WESLEY.

- A**S shipwrecked mariners desire,
With eager grasp to reach the shore ;
As hirelings long to obtain their hire,
And veterans wish their warfare o'er ;
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for—*immortality*.
2. In blest Jerusalem above,
No pain the happy spirit meets ;
No sense of ill-requited love,
No sad complaining in the streets ;
Crying, and curse, and death are o'er ;
And there temptation is no more.
 3. O could I break this carnal fence,
Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
On angel wings remove from hence,
And fly this happy moment home,
Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
And launch into eternal day !

399

C. M. *Longing for Home.*

JERUSALEM ! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

THE CHRISTIAN,

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold ;
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
3. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end ?
4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
6. Jerusalem ! my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

400 8s. *Longing to be with Christ.* COWPER.

TO Jesus, the Crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone :
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne !

2. My Saviour ! whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power ;

HIS DYING PROSPECTS.

3. Dissolve Thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee ;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

401 L. M. *The same, or Absent from flesh.* WATTS.

ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings,
Freed from the mischief sin hath brought,
From pains and fears, and all their springs.

2. Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.
3. Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.
4. I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day :
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

402 L. M. *Welcoming Death.* GIBBONS.

BORN by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

- 2 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

THE CHRISTIAN,

3. Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell !—
4. To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

403 C. M. *Triumphing in the Prospect of future
Glory.* WATTS.

FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
3. There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
4. Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to Thy blest abode ;
Fly,—for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

404 C. M. *The same.*

WHAT though these bodies shall decay,
And moulder into dust ?
What though this world shall pass away,
As all its glories must ?

HIS DYING PROSPECTS.

2. Why let them pass—'tis nought to us ;
In heaven our treasure lies ;
Our hope is there—there all our trust,
Where joys unfading rise.
3. New heavens and earth we hope to see,
Where Jesus ever reigns ;
Where nothing hurtful e'er shall be ;
No sorrow, sin, nor pains.
4. We'll cheerful bid these scenes adieu,
Which worldly men most prize ;
We've other glories in our view,
Glories beyond the skies :
5. Glories which never shall decay,
But evermore remain ;
While endless ages pass away,
Beginning to begin.

405 L. M. *Confident Hope of a Happy Resurrection.*

WATTS.

- NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, withering limbs of mine.
2. Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.
 3. Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day ;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay !

HEAVEN.

4. Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.
5. Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of that day.

HEAVEN.

406 C. M. *Heaven invisible and holy.* WAT

- NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those that love the Son.
2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
 3. Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
 4. Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

HEAVEN.

5. He keeps the Father's book of life
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

407

C. M. *The same.*

- F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. Fair distant land !—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
3. No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
4. There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory, from the sacred Throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
5. O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

408

C. M. *The Joys of Heaven.* STEELE.

- C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart,
Their influence to our song.

HEAVEN.

2. Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
3. There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
The exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight,
On all the heavenly minds.
4. There shall the followers of the Lamb,
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to His name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
5. Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

409

L. M. *The same.*

BROWN

- H**EAVEN ! 'tis a sound delights the ear,
Revives and ravishes the heart :
O may I dwell for ever there,
And in its pleasures bear a part !
2. There light, essential light and day,
Fresh streaming from the face of God,
For ever drives all night away,
And sheds delight through that abode.
 3. Each happy saint, with glad surprise,
In His own light his God shall see :
While boundless charms attract the eyes,
The vision will extatic be.
 4. Nor will the high enjoyment tire,
Nor old the satisfaction grow :

HEAVEN.

Enjoyment will improve desire,
And *that* no disappointment know.

5. The body too will be refined,
And like its Saviour's body shine :
Fit partner for a heavenly mind,
Still satisfied with joys divine.
6. O may I dwell for ever there,
Its glories see, its pleasures taste !
Long weaned from all enjoyment here,
I pant for that eternal feast.

410 L. M. *The New Heavens and New Earth.*
DODDRIDGE.

LIFT up, ye saints, your weeping eyes,
Banish your sorrows and your sighs ;
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,
Which Jesus dictates to your tongues.

2. Thus saith the Saviour from his throne,
' Behold all former things are gone,
' Past like an anxious dream away,
' Chased by the golden beams of day.
3. ' See in celestial pomp arrayed,
' A new-created world displayed ;
' Mark with what light its prospects shine !
' How grand, how various, how divine !
4. ' There my own gentle hand shall dry
' Each tear from each o'erflowing eye,
' And open wide my friendly breast,
' To soothe the weary soul to rest.
5. ' No more shall grief assail your heart,
' No boding fear, no piercing smart :
' For ever there my people dwell,
' Beyond the range of death and hell,

HEAVEN.

6. Vain king of ten ous, boast no more,
Thine ancient wide-extended power ;
Each saint in life, with Christ his Head,
Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

411 L. M. *The Blessedness of Glorified Martyrs.*

- W**HO are they, clothed in radiant white,
That stand around yon golden throne ;
Their garments of celestial light,
Pure with a lustre not their own ?
2. These are the saints, who once below,
Walked in the path their Master trod ;
Midst pain, and mockery, and wo,
And scorching flames, they sought their God.
3. Through His dear might who once was slain,
Firm at the burning stake they stood,
And washed, from every guilty stain,
Their garments in his precious blood.
4. Therefore around the throne they stand,
And in his holy temple shine ;
Rich in the joy of his right hand,
Robed in his righteousness divine.
5. In those blest realms of endless day,
The Lamb shall all their wants supply ;
And God's own hand shall wipe away
The falling tear from every eye.

412 112th. *Happiness of the Redeemed in Heaven.*

HAIL ! blessed scenes of endless joy,
Where Christ in boundless glory reigns ;
Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
But gladness fill the happy plains :
Free from all sin, and from all fear,
None shall e'er sigh, or shed a tear.

THE CHURCH.

2. Ten thousand thousands there shall raise
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain,
‘Awake the song of grateful praise
‘To Christ the Lamb; for He was slain!
‘Hosannas, loud hosannas sing,
‘Hosannas to the eternal King.’
 3. For ever in His presence blest,
They fear no death, they feel no pain;
They there shall smile in endless rest,
Nor dangers e’er shall threat again :
For Jesus reigns, and they shall share
With Him, in his own glory there.
-

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

413 C. M. *The Church described.* GIBBONS.

SAY, who is she, that looks abroad,
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2. Fair as the moon, when in the skies,
Serene her throne she guides,
And o’er the twinkling stars supreme,
In full-orbed glory rides;—
3. Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings;—

THE CHURCH

4. Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent for the foe !
5. This is the Church, by heaven arrayed,
With strength and grace divine ;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.
- 414 L. M. *God dwelling in Zion.* WATTS.
THE God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.
2. Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord :
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
3. Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My faithful ministers shall shine ;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.
4. The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.
- 415 L. M. *The Church's Safety and Protection.* WATTS.
HAPPY the Church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God !

UNIVERSAL.

2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates,
A guard of heavenly warriors waits,
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
3. Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against His throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
4. Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
5. God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

416

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

- G**OD on his thirsty Zion-hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown;
And solemn oaths have bound his love,
To shower salvation down.
2. Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicious and complaints?
Is He a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
 3. Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

‘And build her broken frame.’

417 L. M. *Zion refreshed from the River of G*
K₁

THERE is a stream whose gentle course
Surrounds the city of our God ;
A sacred river, from whose fount,
The living waters flow abroad.

2. Zion, thy fair and lovely seat,
Jehovah's own abode on earth,
Shall to the heathen world disclose,
A pure, a more than mortal birth.

3. That sacred stream, that living source
Of holy joy, the incarnate **WORD**,
His promised gifts, celestial draughts
Will to the thirsty soul afford.

418 C. M. *Prayer heard for Zion.* W₁

LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour !

UNIVERSAL.

3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.
4. This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

419 8. 7. *Future Peace and Joy of the Church.*
COWPER.

- H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Themes of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
2. There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
 3. Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :

The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2. Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.
3. The untaught heathen waits to know,
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled slave waits to receive,
The freedom Jesus has to give.
4. Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

421 C. M. *Latter Day Glory of the Church.*

LOGAN

BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise, . . .

UNIVERSAL.

3. No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar these peaceful years ;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
4. No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the useless helm on high,
And study war no more.
5. Come then, O come, from every land,
To worship at His shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

422

L. M. *The same.*

- J**ESUS, descending from the skies,
Shall form a bright and dazzling day :
The saints shall view with sweet surprise,
His grand,—His universal sway !
2. The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in His peaceful reign ;
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Shall never more of wants complain.
 3. The Jew, the Greek, the bond and free,
Shall boast their several rites no more ;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
 4. O happy day ! when all the elect,
Complete in number shall be found ;
And like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honours crowned !

Collections for the Spread of the Gospel, Hymns 445--447.

THE CHURCH,

423 *On Opening a Place of Worship.* WATTS.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo ! thy Church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2. Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.
3. Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
4. Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
5. Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

424 L. M. *The same.* C. WESLEY.

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards those sacred courts in peace,
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2. These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise !
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

PARTICULAR SOCIETIES.

3. And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here !

425 8. 7. *Invitation to join a Church.* GRINFIELD.

YE to Sion are invited,
Scene of love, by Jesus trod ;
We in Salem dwell delighted,
Heavenly city of our God.

2. Join the general congregation,
Of the first-born heirs of light :
In the volume of salvation,
Every name is written bright.
3. Come to God, the Judge eternal,
Yea, approach with holy trust ;
And to those in bliss supernal,
Perfect spirits of the just.
4. Come to that dear blood of Jesus,
Sprinkled on the heart, which speaks
Better things than Abel's ; frees us
From the curse that Justice wreaks ;—
5. Better things than Abel's offering ;
Since those sacrifices old,
Did but shadow forth the suffering
Of the Lamb we now behold.

426 L. M. *Joy over a Sinner's Conversion.* WATTS.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

THE CHURCH,

2. With joy the Father doth approve,
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing,
The growing empire of their King.

427 *S. M. Excellency of Gospel Worship and O*
WA.

- F**AR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.
2. Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well ;
 3. The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
 4. How decent and how wise,
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms their eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
 5. The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below
And ours above the sky.

PARTICULAR SOCIETIES.

428 L. M. *The Provision of God's House*, FAWCETT.

THE God of grace in Zion dwells,
And there his boundless love reveals;
He raised, and he adorns the house,
Where he his richest gifts bestows.

2. Within her courts the saints abide,
By heavenly bounty well supplied;
The table is divinely stored,
Celestial dainties crown the board.
3. Here Mercy opens all her store,
To heal the sick, and feed the poor;
Here gospel-promises impart
Relief to every wounded heart.
4. Peace here extends her balmy wings,
And joy in every bosom springs;
Here saints, inspired with zeal and love,
Anticipate the bliss above.
5. O may my God on me bestow,
A dwelling in his house below!
'Till I at length, through grace, shall rise
To fairer mansions in the skies.

429 L. M. *The same*. WATTS.

MY God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

2. From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

THE CHURCH,

3. Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see,
The glories promised in thy word.

430 C. M. *Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches.*
DODDRIDGE.

WE bless the eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine ;
And through this dark beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.

2. We bless the Church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are ;
Fixed in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.
3. Still be our purity preserved ;
Still fed with oil the flame ;
And in deep characters inscribed,
Our heavenly Master's name !
4. Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck,
The people of his praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

(See Hymn 12.)

431 L. M. *Its Institution.* WATTS.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes :

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake :
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
3. ' This is my body, broke for sin,
' Receive and eat the living food : '
Then took the cup, and blest the wine ;
' 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'
4. ' Do this', he cried, ' till time shall end,
' In memory of your dying Friend :
' Meet at my table, and record
' The love of your departed Lord.'
5. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name ;
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

432

S. M. *Preparation.*

C. WESLEY.

- L**ET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
2. This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies ;
And still we by His death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.
 3. We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise ;
The cross on which He bows his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.

THE CHURCH,

433 C M. "*This do in remembrance of me.*" NOEL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh :

2. O ! shall not warmer accents tell,
The gratitude we owe,
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's wo ?
3. While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,
' Meet, and remember me !'
4. Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
Our worthless hearts to share !
O memory, leave no other name
But His, recorded there !

434 S. M. *Welcoming the Saviour's Invitation.*

WATTS.

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2. Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.
3. Here let our powers unite,
His honoured name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4. Warmed with our Saviour's love,
And viewing his rich grace,
Here let our thankful hearts expand,
And all his saints embrace.

435 8. 7. 4. *On approaching the Lord's Table.*

FRANCIS.

HAPPY souls ! approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food ;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant,
As the Saviour's flesh and blood :
It is finished !
Christ has borne the heavy load.

2. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

436

L. M. *The same.*

DODDRIDGE.

MY God ! and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2. Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
3. O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

And realize the sign ;
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2. Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love,
To every faithful heart.

438 L. M. *Desiring suitable affections.* ST

LORD, while around thy board we meet,
And humbly worship at thy feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

2. Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
3. Let humble penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living Bread :
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

2. Vine of heaven ! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice :
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give ;
To Thy cross I look and live.
Thou my Life ! oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee !

440 C. M. *The Wonders of Redemption.* STEELE.

DEAR Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell,
In Thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

2. Jesus, my soul adoring bends,
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me ?
3. What glad return can I impart,
For favours so divine ?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only Thine.

441 C. M. *After the Lord's Supper.* WATTS.

BLEST be the Lord, that gives his flesh,
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

2. Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;

THE CHURCH,

Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

3. Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our Life shall come ;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

442

8. 7. The same.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2. His example by beholding,
May our lives His image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
3. Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,—
Joy attend us in believing !
Peace from God, through endless day,

443

L. M. Collection for Poor Members.

THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares ;
My grateful thanks to Him shall rise,
He knows my wants, these wants supplies.

2. And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my bounteous store ?
No,—Lord, the friends of thine and Thee,
Shall always find a friend in me.

COLLECTIONS.

444

C. M. *The same.*

JESUS our Lord, the Prince of life,
Was rich beyond compare :
The heavens and earth, and all their hosts,
By Him created were.

2. Behold, how sorrowful and poor,
This Mighty One became !
For us he lived a life of wo,
His face was hid with shame.
3. For us his precious blood was shed,
Our sins are thus forgiven ;
His poverty enriched our souls,
And made us heirs of heaven.
4. Then let us imitate the grace
Which Jesus hath displayed,
By lending his afflicted ones,
Our sympathy and aid.
5. Love not in word or empty show,
Disperse with liberal hand ;
Forget not how by liberal things,
We all in Jesus stand.

445

C. M. *The same.*

DODDRIDGE.

YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2. The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

~~I raise him all ye hosts above,~~
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love.
Be His kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know :
Be my all to Him devoted,
To the Lord my all I owe.

2. With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word :
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

447

S. M. *The same.*

See

THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own ;
We bless thy providential grace,

TIMES AND SEASONS.

3. Let the Redeemer's blood,
Diffuse its virtues wide ;
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.
 4. O may this sacrifice,
To Thee, the Lord ascend ;
An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by His hand.
 5. Well pleased, our God shall view
The products of his grace ;
And in a plentiful reward,
Fulfil his promises.
-

TIMES AND SEASONS.

448 L. M. *Morning Hymn.* HAWKESWORTH.

- IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
2. New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee !
 3. O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread 'Thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

TIMES AND SEASONS,

4. A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
5. That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

SECOND PART.

448

C. M. *The same.*

STEELE

- L**ORD of my life, O may Thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours !
2. Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
 3. When sleep, death's semblance o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
 4. O let the same almighty care,
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
 5. Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

MORNING AND EVENING.

449 C. M. *Evening Hymn.* MASON.

- N**OW from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up,
Our evening sacrifice.
2. Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day :
Minutes came quick ; but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
3. New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
4. Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

SECOND PART.

449 L. M. *The same.* EDMESTON.

- A**NOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb ;
Nearer to join the heavenly throng,
Or hear the last eternal doom.
2. These moments of departing day,
When thought is calm, and labours cease,
Are surely solemn times to pray,
To ask for pardon and for peace !
3. Thou God of mercy ! swift to hear,
More swift than man to tell his need,
Be Thou to us this evening near,
And to thy fount our spirits lead.

TIMES AND SEASONS,

4. Teach us to pray—and having taught,
Grant us the blessings that we crave ;
Without Thy teaching, prayer is nought,
But with it—powerful to save.

450 L. M. *Commencing a new Year.* DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian-care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

451 C. M. *The same.* C. WESLEY.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
All praise to Him belongs :
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

2. His providence has brought us through
Another various year :
We all with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.
3. Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continued care ;
To Thee, presenting through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.
4. Our lips and lives shall daily show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go,
To see Thy face above.
5. Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
And all our consecrated powers,
A sacrifice to Thee.

452 S. M. *The Close of the Year.* NEWTON.

- LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise ;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
To sing the Saviour's praise,
2. Now through another year,
Supported by His care ;
We raise our Ebenezer here,
'The Lord has helped thus far.'
 3. Our lot in future years
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, 'Leave it all to me.'

TIMES AND SEASONS.

4. Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast ;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

453 L. M. *The Year crowned with Divine Goodness.*
WATTS.

JOIN every tongue to praise the Lord,
All nature rests upon His word :
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2. At His command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels,
Beneath the verge of western hills.
3. Seasons and times obey His voice,
The evening and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
4. The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
In different language, speak Thy name.
5. Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
In all the earth thy glories shine ;
Through every month Thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

454 C. M. *Spring.* NEWTON.

BEHOLD ! long wished-for Spring is come,
How altered is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

SPRING.

2. Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The clustering flowerets spring ;
The artless birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.
3. But ah ! in vain I strive to join,
Oppressed with sin and doubt ;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is Spring without.
4. Oh ! would my Saviour, from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine !
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.
5. Lord, let Thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes ;
So shall my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

455

S. M. *The same.*

GIBBONS.

- G**REAT God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise ;
Thy power and love in concert reign,
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
2. How balmy is the air !
How warm the solar beams !
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
 3. With grateful praise, we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men, enrich the land.

TIMES AND SEASONS,

4. But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
By Him, forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

456

C. M. *Hay Time.*

NEWTON.

THE grass and flowers which clothe the field,
And look so green and gay,
Touched by the scythe; defenceless yield,
And fall and fade away.

2. Fit emblem of our mortal state !
Thus in the scripture-glass,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
May see themselves but grass.*
3. Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own ;
Around you see the scythe of death,
Is mowing thousands down.
4. And you, who hitherto are spared,
Must shortly yield your lives ;
Your wisdom is, to be prepared,
Before the stroke arrives.
5. Lord, help us to obey thy call,
That, from our sins set free,
When like the grass our bodies fall,
Our souls may spring to Thee.

457

C. M. *Harvest.*

NEEDHAM.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers ;
He calls, and at his voice come forth,
The smiling harvest hours.

* Isaiah xl, 6—8.

HARVEST.

2. His covenant with the earth he keeps ;
 My tongue, his goodness sing ;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the Spring.
3. Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop ;
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.
4. Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness :
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
 The ripening harvest bless.
5. Then, in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop ;
 The harvest shall by far exceed,
 What I have sown in hope.

458

7s. *The same.*

NEWTON.

SEE the corn again in ear !
 How the fields and valleys smile !
 Harvest now is drawing near,
 To repay the farmer's toil :
 Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
 Satisfy the poor with food ;
 In thy mercy is our hope,
 We have sinned, but Thou art good.

2. Let the praise be all the Lord's,
 As the benefit is ours !
 He in season still affords
 Kindly heat, and gentle showers :
 By His care the produce thrives,
 Waving o'er the furrowed lands ;

TIMES AND SEASONS,

And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

3. Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy ;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy :
Threatened oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past ;
Death, the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

459 L. M. *Summer and Winter.* WATTS.

- O** BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
And make His honours known abroad ;
He bid the ocean round thee flow ;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
2. Thy children are secure and blest ;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest ;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
 3. Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains :
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
 4. He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
But He has nobler works and ways,
To call the Britons to His praise.
 5. To all the isle His laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known ;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land : Praise ye the Lord.

WINTER.

460

L. M. *Winter.*

STEELE.

- S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned.
2. The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart :
And drooping, lifeless, nature seems,
An emblem of my heart—
3. My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !
4. Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray ;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
5. O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns ;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains !

461

C. M. *Thunder.*

NEWTON.

- 'T**IS when a black o'erspreading cloud
Has darkened all the air,
And peals of thunder, roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near ;
2. That guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue ;
A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

3. The law a fiery language speaks,
His danger he perceives;
Like Satan, who his ruin seeks,
He trembles and believes.
4. But direr thunders come apace,—
The JUDGE is hasting down!
Will sinners hear to see His face,
Or stand before His frown?
5. Lord, let thy mercy find a way,
To touch each stubborn heart;
That they may never hear thee say,
“Ye cursed ones, depart!”
6. Believers, *you* may well rejoice!
The thunder’s loudest strains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you JESUS REIGNS.

(See Hymn 354, ver. 3-6.)

462 C. M. *The Traveller’s Psalm.* ADDISON.

- H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
 3. When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

MARINER'S PSALM.

4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
5. In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

463

L. M. *The Mariner's Psalm.*

WATTS.

- WOULD** you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
2. They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favours of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
 3. When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
 4. He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and seamen smile to see
The haven where they wish to be.
 5. O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their grateful offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

464 L. M. *The Mariner's Song of Deliverance.*
C. WESLEY.

GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word,
Bids the tempestuous wind arise ;
Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord,
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !

2. Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform :
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
3. What though the floods lift up their voice?
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.
4. Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
Your roaring, to disturb our rest ;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.
5. Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of His will !
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise ;
But fall, when he shall say '*Be still* !'

465 7s. *The Seaman embarking.* C. WESLEY

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way ;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2. Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined ;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

MEETING AND PARTING.

3. Save, till all life's tempests end,
All who on thy love depend ;
Waft our happy spirits o'er ;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

466 L. M. *A Hymn at Meeting.* NEWTON.

MAY He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !

2. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus :
We only wish to speak of Him,
Who lived and died, and reigns for us.

3. We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

4. Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

467 C. M. *At Parting.* WESLEY.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But still we're joined in heart.

2. Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

3. Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his beloved embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
4. Thus we anticipate the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be 'done away,
And bodies part no more.

468

C. M. *For a Public Fast.*

STEELE.

- SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend !
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
2. Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
 3. Great God ! and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are ?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, ' Forbear.'
 4. From sin and folly turn us, Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.
 5. Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

PUBLIC FAST.

SECOND PART.

168

C. M. *The same.*

- A**TTEND, and mark the solemn fast,
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallowed mask,
Which vain dissemblers wear.
2. Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith He who reigns above;
The hanging head, and rueful look,
Will *they* attract my love?
3. Let such as feel oppression's load,
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.
4. Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.
5. Let him who pines with piercing cold,
By thee be warmed and clad;
Be thine the generous task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
3. Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy thy days;
And glory from the Lord above,
Shall shine on all thy ways.

HUMAN LIFE,

469 S. M. *Fraility and Shortness of Life.* WATTS

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2. Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first;
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
3. Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay :
Just like a flood our hasty days,
Are sweeping us away.
4. Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

470 C. M. *The same.* WATTS.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2. Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,

ITS FRAILTY, &c.

A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3. Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.
4. But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to the Almighty Name,
That reared us from the dust.

471 L. M. *Man fading ; the Word of God enduring.*

C. WESLEY.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold ;
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2. Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
3. So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
4. Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
5. Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains ;

HUMAN LIFE,

Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains !

472 S. M. *Life compared to a Voyage.*

WE'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme ;
We leave the shore at His command,
Forsaking all for him.

2. No cause have we to fear :
The God who rules the sea,
In every danger will be near,
And our Protector be.
3. The Lord himself will keep
His people safe from harm ;
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,
With his almighty arm.
4. Then, let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell,
We trust to reach the peaceful shore,
Where all the ransomed dwell.
5. And when we gain the land,
How happy shall we be !
How shall we bless the mighty hand,
That led us through the sea.

473 C. M. "*Wherewithal shall a Young Man cleanse his way ?*" (Psalm 119, 9.) WATTS.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

YOUTH.

2. When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
3. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
4. Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

(See Hymns 188, 189)

474 L. M. *God's condescending Invitation to Youth.*

BOYCE.

DOES God, the Sovereign Lord of all,
The sons of men, his children call;
And, with a Father's tender heart,
Offer his blessings to impart?

2. Does he invite them to his throne,
To make their Father's God their own,
To seek his aid, and share his love,
While here, and in the world above?
3. From this time wilt thou not, my son,
Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,
And there, in every fear and strait,
For His support and counsel wait?
4. Yes, Lord, our inmost souls rejoice,
To hear our Father's gracious voice;
And to thy care our all commend,
To be our Guide till life shall end.

HUMAN LIFE,

475 L. M. *Young Persons encouraged to seek Christ.*

STENNETT.

HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks !

How kind the promises he makes !

A bruised reed he never breaks,

Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2. The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown ;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.
3. When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossom into fruit.
4. With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure :
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

476 C. M. *The Benefits of Early Piety.*

IN the soft season of thy youth,

In nature's smiling bloom,

Ere age arrives, and trembling waits,

Its summons to the tomb ;

2. Remember thy Creator, God,
For Him thy powers employ ;
Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.
3. He shall defend, and guide thy course,
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shores
Of blest eternity.

AGE.

4. Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The ways of heavenly truth,
The earth affords no lovelier sight,
Than a religious youth.

477 C. M. *Prayer for Young People.* COWPER.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2. Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
3. Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But Mercy reigns above.
4. For you the public prayer is made,
Oh! join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.
5. We pray that you may early prove,
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love,
That Saviour whom we preach.

478 C. M. *The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.*
WATTS.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

HUMAN LIFE,

2. Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my Strength depart?
3. Let me Thy power and truth proclaim,
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of Thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.
4. The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath,
Teach the wide world Thy love!

479

C. M. *The same.*

LOGAN.

- A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
2. In early years Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
 3. I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
 4. Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

AFFLICTION.

5. Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

480 C. M. *Affliction sanctified.* COTTON.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2. The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace ;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
3. In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
4. When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my Guide.
5. Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God !

481 C. M. *Benefits of Affliction.*

SWEET fruits afflictions bring, like those
Which grew on Aaron's rod,
To him who bears them with a mind,
That speaks a child of God.

HUMAN LIFE,

2. He sees his heavenly Father's hand,
And lifts his eyes above ;
Humbly he bows beneath the rod,
Whose every stroke is love.
3. The peaceful fruits of righteousness,
Compensate all his pain ;
His losses, whilst they make him poor,
Increase his better gain.
4. When sorrows, like a storm, assail,
He bends and bears the blast :
Stronger by weakness he becomes ;
And shaken, stands more fast.
5. So the weak reed, by yielding, stands,
Secure from every harm ;
While the tall cedar, which resists,
Falls by the mighty storm.

482

C. M *The same.*

- I**N trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn,
That round my footsteps lay.
2. The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though senseless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
 3. The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven :
So life's vicissitudes the more,
Have fixed my heart on heaven.

SICKNESS.

4. All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief,
That brings me near to Thee.

483 L. M. *Trust in God under Bodily Afflictions.*

STEELE.

WHY is my heart with grief oppress ?

Can all the pains I feel, or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
Forget that God, thy God, is near ?

2. Mortality's unnumbered ills,
Are all beneath His sovereign hand ;
Each pain which this frail body feels,
Attends obedient his command.
3. Lord ! form my temper to thy will :
If Thou my faith and patience prove,
May every painful stroke fulfil,
Thy purposes of faithful love.
1. O may this weak, this fainting mind,
A Father's hand adoring see ;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
And trust thy word, and cleave to Thee.

484 C. M. *Gospel Comforts in time of Sickness.*

TOPLADY.

WHEN languor and disease invade

This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend
The voice of heavenly love ;
Sweet to look upward to the throne,
Where Jesus pleads above.

DEATH.

3. Sweet is the thought, by grace divine
My sins on Him were laid ;
Sweet to remember that His death,
My debt of suffering paid.
4. Sweet, Lord, thy faithfulness to trace,
Thy love, which ne'er can end ;
Sweet on thy covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.
5. Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust Thy truth divine ;
Sweet to lie passive in Thy hands,
And have no will but thine.
6. If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will that fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from Thee !

Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Hymn 302.

DEATH, BURIAL, AND RESURRECTION.

485 L. M. *Death, a Journey.* DODDRIDGE.

- B**EHOLD the path which mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
2. Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own :

DEATH.

Feeble as their's my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3. Important journey ! awful view !
How great the change ! the scenes how new !
The golden gates of heaven displayed,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade !
4. Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care :
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, through the grave, conducts to God.
5. Jesus, to Thee my all I trust,
And, if thou call me down to dust,
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
And die in smiles at Thy command.

486 8. 7. *The Dying Christian encouraged.* C. WESLEY.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go !

2. Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
3. Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
4. For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

DEATH,

487 C. M. *Death of the Righteous.* COWPER.

O MOST delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his wo!

2. Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread,
With all the gloomy past.
3. My home henceforth is in the skies—
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.
4. So speaks the Christian, firm possess
Of faith's supporting rod;
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

488 C. M. *Burial of Believers.* WATTS.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2. They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of a mortal life
End in a large reward.

AND BURIAL.

489

C. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
3. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
4. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

490

L. M. *The same.*

WATTS.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust!
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

1. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here;
And angels watch his soft repose!
2. So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed!
Rest here, dear saint! till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade!

FUNERAL HYMNS.

4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word !
Restore thy trust a glorious form—
He must ascend to meet his Lord !

491

8s. *The same.*

C. WESLEY.

(May be used on a Funeral occasion at Sea.)

- R**EJOICE for a Brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain :
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
2. Our brother the haven hath gained,
Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind.
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
They labour to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
3. There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with their Saviour beneath ;
With shouting, each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death :
The voyage of life at an end,
And mortal affliction all past ;
The age that in heaven they'll spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

492 C. M. *At the Funeral of a Young Person.* STEELE.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—‘ I too must die !’
Sink deep in every breast.
3. The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
4. Oh ! let us fly,—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o’er the grave.

493 C. M. *At the Funeral of a Child.* STENNETT.

METHINKS I see a thousand charms
In Jesus’ lovely face,
While infants in his tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

2. ‘ I take these little lambs,’ said He,
‘ And lay them in my breast ;
‘ Protection they thall find in me,—
‘ In me be ever blest.
3. ‘ Death may the bands of life unloose,
‘ But can’t dissolve my love :
‘ Millions of infant-souls compose
‘ The family above.

COMFORT UNDER BEREAVEMENTS.

4. ' Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
' And mould with heavenly skill :
' I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
' And hands to do my will.'

5. His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

- 494 C. M. *Submission and Comfort, under the loss
of Friends.* DODDRIDGE.

PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2. 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice ;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

3. Our covenant God and Father He,
In Christ, our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the wounded heart,
With one reviving word.

4. Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand ;
And yield our comforts and our life,
To His supreme command.

- 495 7s. *Submission under the Death of a Child*
WESLEY.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead ?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled ;

RESURRECTION.

I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2. God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away,
From *my* bosom to his *own* ;
Surely what He wills is best,
Happy in his will I rest.
3. Faith cries out, It is the Lord !
Let him do as seems him good :
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed ;
Take the child, no longer mine,
Thine he is, for ever Thine.

496 C. M. *Resurrection of the Just.* H. K. WHITE.

- W**HEN life's vicissitudes are o'er,
And all our powers decay,
Our bodies in the silent tomb,
Shall sleep the years away.
2. Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our slumbering dust,
The storms of life shall beat.
 3. Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.
 4. These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

DISMISSION.

5. Then love's soft dew o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst,
With shouts of endless praise.

497

L. M. *The same.*

- T**HE saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright, illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
2. How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring,
From beds of dust and sleeping clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
3. When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
4. Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display ;
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

(See also Hymn 405.)

DISMISSION AND DOXOLOGIES.

498

L. M. *Dismission.*

HART.

DISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

DOXOLOGIES.

2. Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

498

SECOND PART.

C. M. *The same.*

HART.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence ;
Be thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

2. We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

498

THIRD PART.

8. 7. *The same.*

NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !

2. Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

499

L. M. *Doxology.*

WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

DOXOLOGIES.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

499

SECOND PART.

S. M. *The same.*

WATTS

- H**OSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood !
2. To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given ;
Let the whole earth His glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

500

148th. *The same.*

WESLEY.

GLORY to God belongs ;
Glory to God be given ;
Above the noblest songs,
Of all in earth and heaven !
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity !

500

SECOND PART.

L. M. *The same.*

KENN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST !

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A

	HYMN
A good High Priest is come	159
A soldier's course, from battles won	331
Absent from flesh ! O blissful thought	401
Affliction is a stormy deep	480
Ah, vainly anxious ! leave the Lord	350
Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain	386
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed	382
Alas ! what hourly dangers rise	395
All hail ! delightful morn	15
All hail ! redeeming Lord	125
Almighty Father of mankind	479
Almighty King, whose wondrous hand	50
Although temptations threaten round	251
Am I a soldier of the cross	333
Amazing plan of sovereign love	69
Amid the splendours of thy state	46
And does the kind Redeemer stoop	215
And is salvation brought so near	339
Angels, astonished, view their God	112
Angels, from the realms of glory	79
Another day has passed along (<i>2nd part.</i>)	449
Another six days' work is done	13
Arise, my soul, arise	116
Arise my soul, shake off thy fears	394
Arise, O King of grace, arise	423
As shipwrecked mariners desire	398
Ascend thy throne, almighty King	164
Ashamed of Christ ! my soul disdain	334

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Attend, and mark the solemn fast (<i>2nd part.</i>)	468
Awake, awake the sacred song	77
Awake my soul ! stretch every nerve	380
Awake, our souls, and bless his name	126
Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake	132

B

Behold how sinners disagree	352
Behold I come, the Saviour cries	172
Behold, long wished-for Spring is come	454
Behold the amazing sight	97
Behold the expected time draw near	420
Behold the judgments of the Lord .. (<i>2nd part.</i>)	223
Behold the lofty sky	191
Behold, the mountain of the Lord	421
Behold the path which mortals tread	485
Behold the Prince of peace	85
Behold the Saviour on the cross	94
Behold the sin-atonement Lamb	136
Behold ! the Son of God appears	91
Behold the throne of grace	245
Behold what wondrous grace	68
Believing souls, who Jesus know	107
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth	477
Beyond the glittering starry skies	111
Blest are the humble souls that see	315
Blest are the souls that hear and know	198
Blest be that hand which from the skies	269
Blest be the dear uniting love	467
Blest be the Father and his love	312
Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh	441
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies	115
Born by a new celestial birth	402
Bread of heaven ! on thee I feed	439
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze	275
By whom shall Jacob now arise	268

C

Chief Shepherd of thy chosen sheep	281
Christ and his cross is all our theme	197
<i>Christ is the Bread which came from heaven</i>	121

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	104
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	181
Come, guilty souls, and flee away	205
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	182
Come, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed	437
Come, Holy Spirit, come	179
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	183
Come, let us join a song of praise	306
Come let us join our cheerful songs	310
Come, let us search our ways, and try	222
Come, Lord, and to my soul reveal	255
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart	408
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord	18
Come, sound his praise abroad	3
Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit	184
Come, we that love the Lord	354
Come, ye souls by sin afflicted	204
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name	163
Commit thou all thy griefs	227
Compared with Christ, in all beside	362
Could I with eloquence proceed	360

D

Dark was the night, and cold the ground ..	90
Darkness overspreads us here	230
Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell	440
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	261
Deep are the wounds which sin has made	139
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord	498
Divinely sheltered, on life's ocean	320
Do I believe what Jesus saith	263
Does God, the Sovereign Lord of all	474

E

Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King	162
Emptied of earth, I fain would be	335
Engraved as in eternal brass	240
Eternal God! Almighty Cause	30
Eternal life! how sweet the sound	73
Eternal Spirit! 'twas thy breath	190
Eternal Spirit! we confess	178

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

F

	HYMN
Faith is the brightest evidence	336
Faith, 'tis a precious grace	337
Far as thy name is known	427
Far from these narrow scenes of night	407
Father divine, the Saviour cried	89
Father, I long, I faint to see	10
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	280
Father of mercies, in thy word	189
Father we sing thy wondrous grace	63
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	259
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands	347
Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound	65
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	393
Frequent the day of God returns	26
From all that dwell below the skies	499
From pole to pole let others roam	142
From the cross, uplifted high	214
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise	403
From the table now retiring	442

G

Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour	273
Giver of concord, Prince of peace	254
Glory, glory everlasting	307
Glory to God belongs	500
Glory to thee whose powerful word	464
God in his temple let us meet	16
God in the gospel of his Son	194
God is a Spirit, just and wise	5
God is here, how sweet the sound	34
God of my childhood, and my youth	478
God of my life, whose gracious power	52
God of the ocean, at whose voice	270
God on his thirsty Zion hill	416
God, who in various methods told	187
God with us, O glorious name	133
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	64
Great Former of this various frame	32
Great God, amid the darksome night	150
Great God, at thy command	455

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Great God of Providence! thy ways	53
Great God, our Maker, and our King	43
Great God, our strong protection be	283
Great God, thy penetrating eye	33
Great God, thy watchful care we bless ..	424
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	450
Great is the Lord, his works of might	48
Great Lord of all the churches, hear	267
Great Prophet of the ransomed church ...	157
Great Ruler of all nature's frame ...	39
Great Ruler of the earth and skies	304
Great was the day, the joy was great	177

H

Hail, blessed scenes of endless joy	412
Hail First and Last, thou great I am	250
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord	313
Happy Christian, God's own child	318
Happy souls, approach the table	335
Happy soul, thy days are ended	486
Happy the church, thou sacred place	415
Happy the heart, where graces reign	357
Happy the man whose hopes depend	316
Happy the meek, whose gentle breast	372
Happy the souls to Jesus joined	9
Hark! for 'tis God's own Son that calls	207
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes	81
Hark! the herald angels sing	76
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound	171
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	95
He comes, he comes! the Judge severe	173
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies.....	103
He lives, the great Redeemer lives	114
He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns	170
He who on earth as man was known	144
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	419
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	488
Heaven! 'tis a sound delights the ear	409
Henceforth let each believing heart	437
Holy and reverend is the name	42
Holy, holy, holy Lord	290

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Holy Lord God, I love thy truth	H Y M N 342
Honour and happiness unite	325
Hosanna to our conquering King	166
Hosanna to the Son	(2nd part.) 499
How are thy servants blest, O Lord	462
How beautiful the sight	366
How charming is the place	7
How lovely, how divinely sweet	6
How precious is the book divine	188
How sad our state by nature is	72
How shall I dare approach the Lord	247
How shall the young secure their hearts	473
How soft the words my Saviour speaks	475
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	367
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	134
How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound	158
How vain a thought is bliss below	355
How various and how great	298
How vast the blessings how divine	323

I

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord	303
I love the sacred book of God	370
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	329
I sing the almighty power of God	38
I will praise thee every day	295
If duty calls and suffering too	396
If human kindness meets return	433
In all my troubles sharp and strong	343
In God's own house pronounce his praise	286
In one harmonious cheerful song	148
In sleep's serene oblivion laid	448
In thee, O God, are all the springs	49
In thee, thou all-sufficient God	266
In the soft season of thy youth	476
In the sun and moon and stars	174
In thy name, O Lord, assembling	21
In trouble and in grief, O God	482
Is it a man's divinest good	390
Israel, in ancient days	202
Is there ambition in my heart	349
It is the Lord—enthroned in light	383

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

J

	HYMN
Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light	37
Jehovah, 'tis a glorious name	346
Jerusalem, my happy home	399
Jesus, and didst thou condescend	83
Jesus, at thy command	141
Jesus, descending from the skies	422
Jesus, immutably the same	152
Jesus, in whom but thee above	363
Jesus is gone up on high	108
Jesus is gone up on high	185
Jesus, Lover of my soul	143
Jesus my King, to thee I bow	123
Jesus, my Lord, my chief delight	131
Jesus our Lord, the Prince of life	444
Jesus protects, my fears be gone	146
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	169
Jesus, transporting sound	135
Jesus, the Friend of man	434
Jesus, the Lord, our souls adore	127
Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep	265
Jesus, the Spring of joys divine	153
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest	256
Jesus, thy boundless love to me	364
Jesus, who mighty art to save	274
Jesus, who passed the angels by	122
Join every tongue to praise the Lord	453
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	353
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	80

K

Keep silence all created things	41
Kind are the words that Jesus speaks	236
King of Zion, give the order	278

L

Let all who truly bear	432
Let every mortal ear attend	203
Let hearts and tongues unite	452
Let others boast how strong they be	470
Let sinners boast of kindred joys	322

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Let those who bear the christian name	229
Let Zion and her sons rejoice	418
Lift up to God the voice of praise	293
Lift up, ye saints, your weeping eyes.....	410
Lift up your eyes to the heavenly seats	113
Like sheep we went astray	102
Lo ! God is here, let us adore	1
Lo, he cometh, countless trumpets	175
Lo, the rock is rolled away	105
Lo, what an entertaining sight	365
Long as our fiery trials last	246
Lord, for ever at thy side	253
Lord, help us on thy word to feed(2nd part)	498
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.....	369
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair	8
Lord of my life, O may thy praise (2nd part.)	448
Lord of the harvest, hear our prayer	279
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly	271
Lord, shed a beam of heavenly day	341
Lord, that I may learn of thee	260
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through ..	36
Lord, we adore thy vast designs	338
Lord, we come before thee now	20
Lord, we esteem the favour great	249
Lord, what a feeble piece	469
Lord, while around thy board we meet	438
Lord, whom winds and seas obey	465

M

Mark the soft-falling snow	195
May he, by whose kind care we meet	466
May the grace of Christ our Saviour, ..(3rd part)	498
Messiah full of grace	277
Methinks I see a thousand charms	493
Monarch of all, with humble fear ...	285
'Mong all the priests of Jewish race	160
Mortals, awake, with angels join	75
Much in sorrow, oft in wo	219
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	87
My God and Father, ever blest	332
My God, and is thy table spread	436
My God ! how cheerful is the sound	239

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
My God, how excellent thy grace	429
My God, my King, to thee I'll raise	289
My God, thy service well demands	302
My gracious Lord, I own thy right	373
My gracious Redeemer I love	361
My Saviour, whence this streaming blood	71

N

Nature with open volume stands	56
No, I'll repine at death no more	405
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard	406
Not all the outward forms on earth	70
Now begin the heavenly theme	59
Now from the altar of our hearts	449
Now may the Lord reveal his face	165
Now to that sovereign grace	296
Now to the Lord a noble song	58
Now to the Lord, who makes us know	308

O

O blessed souls are they	327
O Britian, praise thy mighty God	459
O could we speak the matchless worth	155
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	272
O for a shout of sacred joy	109
O God, my Sun, thy blissful rays	344
O God, to thee we raise our eyes	258
O how I love thy holy law	368
O most delightful hour by man	487
O not to Sinai's flaming height	201
O that I could repent	257
O the transcendant love	130
O thou, to whose all-searching sight	252
O thou, whose mercy guides my way	388
On Britain, long a favoured isle	284
Once on the raging seas I rode	149
On the wings of faith uprising	98
On what has now been sown	22
Our country is Immanuel's ground	378
Our God and King, thy various praise	55
Our sabbaths come so welcome on	28

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

P

Patience! O 'tis a grace divine	374
Peace! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand	494
People of the living God	216
Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound	877
Poor, weak, and worthless, though I am	129
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow (<i>2nd part</i>)	500
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations	446
Praise to thee, thou great Creator	288
Prayer is the breath of God in man	241

R

Rejoice for a brother deceased	491
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns	168
Rejoice, ye saints of God	224
Repent, the voice celestial cries	210
Resting in thine almighty power	328
Rock of ages, cleft for me	145

S

Sad prisoners in a house of clay	397
Saints, at your heavenly Father's word	225
Salvation! O melodious sound	62
Salvation! O the joyful sound	61
Saviour, bless the word to all	23
Saviour of men, and Lord of love	82
Say, who is she that looks abroad	413
See, gracious God, before thy throne ..	468
See the corn again in ear	458
See the gloomy gathering cloud	322
Shepherd of Israel, thou didst lead	276
Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine	282
Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns	167
Since all the downward tracts of time	384
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise ..	451
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown	209
Soldiers of Christ, arise	217
Sons of God, your Saviour praise	196
Sons of men, behold him far	74
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	389

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMNS

Spent with toil, upon a pillow	84
Sprinkled with reconciling blood	248
Stand the omnipotent decree	176
Stern winter throws his icy chains	460
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies	92
Submissive to thy will, my God	387
Supreme in mercy, who shall dare	47
Sweet fruits afflictions bring, like those	481
Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream	244
Sweet is the song of praise	291
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	99

T

Thanks to my God for every gift	297
The billows swell, the winds are high	140
The gathering clouds, with aspect dark	223
The God of grace in Zion dwells	428
The God of Jacob chose the hill	414
The grass and flowers which clothe the field	456
The heavens above, O Lord, display	57
The holy gospel we profess	88
The hosts of God encamp around	392
The humble soul is God's abode	348
The law commands, and makes us know	199
The law by Moses came	200
The Lord Jehovah calls	206
The Lord my Shepherd is	147
The Lord of sabbath let us praise	17
The Lord our God is Lord of all	35
The Lord, who rules the world's affairs	443
The morning flowers display their sweets	471
The Penitent in tears	376
The promise of a Saviour's love	238
There is a fountain filled with blood	128
There is a sacred, hallowed spot	96
There is a stream, whose gentle course	417
There is forgiveness, Lord, with thee	66
The saints who now in Jesus sleep	497
The Saviour calls, let every ear	213
The true Messiah now appears	78
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love	29

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
This is the word of truth and love	193
This sacred day, Great God we close.....	25
Thou art my Portion, O my God	371
Thou art the Way, to thee alone.....	154
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist.....	31
Though waves and storms go o'er my head	119
Thou only sovereign of my heart	326
Thousands of angels at thy gate.....	110
Thou very Paschal Lamb	137
Thrice happy they, to whom the Lord	317
Thus far on our way to Zion	379
Thus saith the high and lofty one	234
Thy bounties, gracious Lord	447
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess	45
Thy influence, mighty God, is felt	180
Thy presence, gracious God, afford	19
Thy way, O God, is in the sea	54
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord	51
'Tis God supports this fainting frame	391
'Tis the fair dawn of heavenly day	2
'Tis when a black o'erspreading cloud	461
'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine	385
To Jesus, the crown of my hope	400
To keep the lamp alive	221
To our almighty Maker, God	294
To our Redeemer's glorious name	305
To praise the ever bounteous Lord	457
To Thee, O God, my prayer ascends	264
To thee, O God, we homage pay	151
To thee, our hearts, eternal King	192
To thy temple I repair	14
Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns	44
Trust in the Lord, ye sons of men	226
'Twas by an order from the Lord	186
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	431

U V

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite	375
Unshaken as the sacred hill	319
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb	490
Vain are the hopes the sons of men	67

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

W

	HYMN
Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope	231
We bless the eternal source of light	430
We bless the Prophet of the Lord	156
Welcome sweet day of rest	11
Welcome to us this sacred day	12
We'll proclaim the wondrous story	300
We're bound for yonder land	472
What different powers of grace and sin	390
What equal honours shall we bring	311
What makes the christian's heart rejoice	381
What though these bodies shall decay	404
What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm	321
What various hindrances we meet	242
When all thy mercies, O my God	299
When blooming youth is snatched away	492
When, by the tempter's wiles betrayed	233
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise	235
When I survey the wondrous cross	100
When I the sacred tomb survey	106
When Jesus dwelt in feeble clay	86
When languor and disease invade	494
When life's refreshing wells are dry	243
When life's vicissitudes are o'er	496
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I	97
When, on a summer's cloudless day	124
When on the giddy cliff I stand	40
When overwhelmed with grief	262
When sheltered safe, well-pleased we hear	120
When the first parents of our race	60
Wherefore should I make my moan	495
Where is my God does he retire	117
Where shall the guilty, who hath lost	101
While sinners who presume to bear	220
Who are they, clothed in radiant white	411
Who can describe the joys that rise	426
Who is as the Christian great	324
Who shall ascend the heavenly place	314
Why do we mourn departed friends	489
Why is my heart with grief oppress	483

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Why, O my soul, with cares opprest	345
Why will ye waste, on trifling cares	212
Wide as his vast dominion lies	287
With heart and lips unfeigned	24
With joy we meditate the grace	161
With reverence let the saints appear	4
Would you behold the works of God	463

Y

Ye armies of the living God	218
Ye British Seamen, praise the Lord	309
Ye humble souls, approach your God	292
Ye humble souls, complain no more	351
Ye saints, that bow at Jesus' feet	340
Ye saints, with all your cares	228
Ye servants of the Lord	232
Ye simple souls that stray	211
Ye sons of men, rejoice	118
Ye that pass by, behold the Man	93
Ye to Sion are invited	425
Ye worlds of light, that roll so near	138
Ye wretched, hungry, needy poor	208
Yes, I will bless thee, O my God	301
Yes, I would love thee, blessed God	358
Yes, perfect love is perfect bliss	359
Yes, there are joys that cannot die	445

THE END.

ERRATA.

Hymn 38, for *WESLEY* read *WATTS*.

—— 427, ver. 4 line 3, for *their* read *thc*.

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[REDACTED]



